

## Flash Photography Whore

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## Flash Photography Whore

by [isntitcrazy](#)

### Summary

There was only so much time for self-loathing before the time dragged its way to the right one, before the right name on his screen lit up and told George that it was time to stop thinking.

*theboyofyourdreams is live!*

George makes a habit of pretending someone is Dream. Maybe he's setting himself up to take a fall, maybe he's better at guessing games than he thought he was.

### Notes

hello !! here is my awaited camboy fic. it is decently long and also several chapters lol, most of it is already written so i'll be pretty consistent in getting it all up :D

also sorry if i pranked anyone into thinking it was top george when i said i was writing camboy dream

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Routine

George could never forget how it had started.

It had been in a fit, perhaps—a time in his life that he wasn't quite the proudest of. When he was pent up and full of building frustration and swore he couldn't see straight anymore, when he would've taken *anything* so long as it cleared his head again.

Perhaps he should've been more specific, because in hindsight, his solution proved to have flaws. Flaws like not stopping, even once his vision had cleared up.

But he'd already tried *everything*. Had meditated for hours and found that it only gave him more time to think, had changed his diet and tried to go outside more. Nothing worked, and he felt completely out of options. There was nothing else left lying in front of him—or so he thought.

In his defense, this had been a last resort. In his defense, he was desperate.

*Still didn't tell why he hadn't stopped.*

George found a camboy. A hot, *hot* camboy who he'd give his entire bank account to in a fucking heartbeat. He was both too hot to be doing this and too hot to *not* be doing this, and for the life of him George could not stop watching.

Which is why he was here. In front of his computer with a bottle of lube on his desk and impatient fingers drumming against his chair. He knew there would be a livestream soon because he always streamed at the same time, he knew that he'd be there to kill slogs of boredom and tire him out enough to fall asleep through all the thoughts in his head.

But until there was a distraction on his screen, George could do nothing but think.

For one, there had to be a better solution to life than watching a random stranger jerk himself off in front of a camera. There *had* to be a better way, even if watching camboys worked and was practiced and, quite pathetically, something that George looked forward to all day.

But he'd never admit to that.

There was only so much space for self-loathing before the time dragged its way to the right one, before the right name on his screen lit up and told George that it was time to stop thinking.

*theboyofyourdreams is live!*

As always, in routine. If anything, it was one of the only parts of life that George could rely on. He barely had a schedule for himself in anything and neither did most of his friends—though it was pitiful, the most structure George had in his life was this overly hot, excessively nameless guy and his too-tempting livestreams.

*He was making excuses again.*

And he'd run out of time to make excuses, just as he always did. There was something far more enticing lit up in HD on his screen that demanded his utmost attention, entrusting him to stop thinking about anything at all.

George was already getting hard just in anticipation.

The camboy was sitting on the edge of his bed, shirtless and waiting. His face was only halfway in frame, angles better focused on his lower half and an expanse of bare tanned skin. But the angle was enough for George to see his wicked smirk, teeth sharp and ivory where they peeked through his slick pink lips.

There were already donations rolling in. They wanted him to take his pants off.

George felt as though the man he knew as nothing but *theboyofyourdreams* rarely spoke. He only laughed—low and far too attractive for what it was worth—and occasionally muttered something cursing or seductive beneath his breath. It was always quiet, always husky, always rough and far too hot to handle.

Those miniscule licks of his voice were still hellishly attractive. George's mind had already gone the good kind of hazy just listening to him *breathe*, watching him shift a big, *big* hand to sit between his legs in stillness.

"*These?*" the camboy teased in exaggerated whisper, toying with the string of his sweatpants.

George's breath shook. *Yes. Those.* Despite already knowing exactly what was hidden beneath that grey fabric, George's mouth was watering obscenely. Spit gathered under his tongue with slicked intent, every swallow heavy with more than just arousal. He'd let one of his hands fall to his own cock, nothing more than palming at himself gently as if he was trying to prolong something.

Maybe he was.

The camboy laughed again, dark blond hair spilling into frame when he tipped his head to the side. He'd taken to using both his hands, pulling out his cock with unfavorable slowness until there was no longer a point in his sweatpants being on at all.

George had to swallow again. *Holy fuck.* It still took him by surprise every time, it didn't matter how many times he'd seen it.

Not only did he look *big*, but the underside of his cock had one very enticing glint of metal. Positioned just beneath the head of his cock was a pretty silver barbell, something that somehow always managed to shine beneath the lights in his room.

George knew it was called a frenum; knew that it was probably the hottest thing in the world and he'd give *anything* to taste it. Quite pathetically, George was also aware that he wasn't the only person in the world who felt that way.

Fantasies had no place in his wildly spinning head when there was a livestream to be watching. When there was a hand gliding up the length of a pierced cock, when that *damn grin* was still visible at the top of the screen and George had already slipped his hand beneath the waist of his sweats.

Fingers toyed with the spheres of a barbell. A breathy "*fuck,*" fell past those barely-in-frame lips. George gripped himself with pathetic ferocity.

It was always something of a blur, and George would be the first to blame that on redundancy. He'd done this exact same thing what may as well have been a hundred times; and even if that too-hot camboy was doing something different, George never was.

The same thing every time. Truly, he wasn't complaining.

At some point, he'd lost his pants to the floor. At some point, he'd slicked up two of his fingers and

started circling his hole. At some point, the hand on his cock had gone still in favor of the finger buried inside him.

With two feet propped up on his desk, George matched the camboy's pace.

It was pitifully alluring to watch this guy touch himself. George never would've thought someone could look so *hot* doing that—he surely didn't. But the camboy was always so attractive with it, and it was damn clear that he knew how fucking good he looked, which somehow made him even *more* alluring.

Maybe it was the piercing. Maybe it was just how big everything about him looked to be.

No matter what it was, the way his hand slid up the length of his cock was borderline intoxicating. George could barely hear himself when the moans fell past his lips, far more intrigued by the sounds spilling from his speakers and the feeling of two fingers scissoring inside of him.

Two of the camboy's fingers caught his barbell between themselves, thumb rolling over the head of his cock when he breathed a shuddered breath. A mess of blond hair spilled into frame when he looked down, spitting on his cock with an enticing shine beneath showy lights.

George's fingers stuttered. He wished for something—he wished for a lot of things. Unsurprisingly, all of them were spit-related.

*Like spit on his face.*

Begrudgingly, he tugged his fingers out to better slick a third one. In the time he spent without anything inside him, the blond on the screen picked up his pace.

*Like spit in his mouth.*

He thrust back inside himself without warning, his own strangled cry breaking through the haze in his ears. The way he threw his head back against his chair forced everything out of sight, leaving him with nothing but a half-spinning ceiling and the sound of a shifting hand where it fell out against his desk.

*Like his spit on that cock.*

His chin fell forward sharply, and none of the quick motion helped in calming his headspin. But he watched, he *watched* that camboy move his hand with a relentless pace. He'd taken to muttering a strange mix of praise and degradation to entertain his audience, voice too low to feel discernible but attractive nonetheless.

*"Keep going, baby."*

George keened like it had been meant for him, tired wrist still moving. A hand on his cock was still pathetically still, but the three fingers he had inside himself were anything but.

*"Pathetic slut."* George mewled when the words rang through his ears. *"Getting off on this?"*

He sounded so cruel; like it wasn't his job to be the source of someone's arousal, like it wasn't some kind of compliment that he could do nothing but jerk himself off and George was coming so hard he saw stars.

*"Fuck, I'm close."*

George had painted the bare skin of his front filthy and white, chest heaving where he took heavy breaths. The fingers inside him had stilled, all sounds quieted save for his desperate breathing—the only noises left in the room were the still-there slickness of skin-on-skin and a dragged out groan where cum spilled out against tan skin.

George watched a little too closely, watched where the blond dragged his stained hand down the length of himself and slicked white over the barbell of his piercing. His cocky grin was still visible in-frame, arrogant laughter spilling past his lips when his hand still moved slowly.

Tugging his fingers away from himself, George sat up in a rush. He could feel his heart pounding in his ears before his chest, could feel where his hands were starting to shake against the keyboard.

Before the stream could properly end and before the guilt could set in properly, George sent in his routine donation.

“404,” that low voice called, *“thanks for coming back.”*

The stream ended after an influx of donations, and George was left to stare at his too-large computer screen where he lay motionless in his seat. There was a pressing need to clean himself up, to get rid of all the drying filth left spilled across his chest.

He took a very long shower. Standing beneath the cold water, George wondered what the hell he was doing.

Because he’d neglected to mention where his camboy problem got worse. He was always trying to ignore it, trying to ignore the way those hands reminded him of someone else and how close blond hair fit fleeting descriptions.

It helped that he’d never seen Dream’s face, helped that all his descriptions were vague at best and left space for curious wondering. In all that George knew, there was correctness in a stranger on his screen—it fit the very few things he knew: blond, tall, and stronger than he was. He could never tell an eye color when it was all through a screen, but George didn’t feel like he needed that.

That camboy was probably good enough for the stranger of their fans, the ones who sought lookalikes and passed them around in whisper.

It was certainly good enough for George.

When he finally left the ice cold shower, he had three new Discord notifications. They were all from Dream, and they all said he wanted to call.

If George hadn’t opened Discord to check them, he easily could’ve pretended he was asleep. But when green circles swallowed both their names there was no way out of it, and George sighed with an echo of shame.

*How the hell was he supposed to talk to his best friend right after pretending he was his favorite camboy?* It wasn’t like he’d never done it before, but it was never something he got used to.

He’d be fine to talk tomorrow. Just not *now*, when the scent of peppermint shampoo was only a cover and there was still an open bottle of lube left on the corner of his desk.

But Dream was waiting for him—could see that he was active. So he messaged back and let Dream call him, set his phone down on the pillow next to his head and waited for the voice he knew so well.

“Hey, George.”

He could hear sheets rustling, could hear the smile behind that voice and the way it radiated through his phone speakers. *Maybe this wasn't so bad, after all.*

“Hey, Dream.”

His voice sounded scratchier than it usually did, and George was forced to remember the way he'd cried up at the ceiling not long enough ago.

“You sound tired,” Dream said quietly, the furrow in his eyebrows practically audible through his words.

“Yeah,” George answered, “sorry I can't talk much.”

Dream laughed quietly, more fond than it was amused. George tried to swallow the guilt of stream-based fantasies, but it was far too thick to manage.

“No, no, it's fine, don't worry,” Dream said through the same fond laughter, all his reassurances glowing far brighter than George felt he deserved in the moment. “There was...” he hesitated, “there was something I wanted to ask you, but it can wait.”

George sat up halfway in bed, and it wasn't just to finally turn off the lamp on his nightstand. He let his eyebrows furrow when he hung his head back over the phone, wet hair dripping onto the pillowcase below him.

“No, tell me.”

He wouldn't be able to sleep through the anticipation. Not alone and not when it was coupled with the guilt of pretending.

“You can just go to sleep, George,” Dream said softly. “I'll even stay on call with you if you want.”

George didn't know if he wanted that, but he *did* know that he wanted answers. So he didn't let himself fall back against his bed, only ran a hand through his wet hair to get it out of his face and watched his pitch black screen like it was the most interesting thing in the world.

“Dream, just tell me.”

A sense of fond softness seeped into George's tone. It nearly startled him when his head was still so full of mess.

“George—”

“Please?”

A high-pitched whine had edged its way into his voice. George hadn't even meant to, it had never been deliberate—he was only curious and tired and feigning ignorance to things only he knew, but if whining got him anywhere then he certainly wouldn't complain.

“I just...” the silence Dream left between his words was borderline deafening, “it's probably better to ask when you're not about to pass out.”

*No, he had to know now.*

“I’m fine, Dream,” George forced a laugh, “you can always ask me again tomorrow if I’m a mess.”

The iron curtain silence befell them again. It drove an even greater wedge between their voices than an ocean ever could, strokes of quiet finally convincing George to let his head fall back against the pillow.

The room was too dark to see the ceiling. And he tried not to make any noise, afraid of how well a shitty iPhone mic would pick his shifting up all the way to the extent of holding his breath.

Surely it can’t be *that* big of a deal. Dream was only being dramatic, and if he waited much longer, George might fall asleep before the question ever came.

“Dream?” he prompted finally, the cut of silence between them sharper than a knife blade.

His hesitance was palpable. “Yeah, I’m here.”

And the quiet sense of fear had slipped itself into Dream’s words, too, and the way his breath fell against the mic. George could feel his eyes slipping shut where they felt almost as heavy as the quiet, and he hadn’t realized he was quite this tired until now.

“Are you going to ask me the question?”

His eyes fell shut when he couldn’t open them anymore. The sound of Dream’s anxious voice found a way into his ears.

“Do you want to come visit me?”

It startled his eyes back open.

“What?”

The silence found its way between them again. Dream’s breath caught loud enough for George to hear it, spilling over the line with a reminder of reckless startle.

George waited, eyes wide open and finding nothing in the dark. He tipped his head to the side to stare where he knew his phone was resting, but he found nothing there.

“Do you...” Dream started to repeat himself, but a quick thread of breath killed the words in hesitance. “I’m sorry, George, I shouldn’t have sprung this on you so quickly.”

“No, no, it’s not that,” George said quickly, feeling the nervous laughter where it spilled through grit teeth. “It’s just...” he closed his eyes, though they were no longer heavy, “I don’t know, why now?”

*Why now, why now?* It was the only question lingering in George’s muddled brain, the only thing he had it in him to think about right now. The problem didn’t lie in suddenness or the way it startled him farther from sleep, it was in the way this had come out of nowhere at all.

Dream had always held so much hesitance about showing his face, about meeting *anyone* in person. It had just been a part of things for so long that George had forgotten to expect an in-person meetup, had forgotten to remember that it was only *on hold indefinitely*.

“Feels like the right time, finally,” Dream answered, his hesitant voice returning to the pleasant soft fondness of before. “I’m sorry I took so long, I had...” but his breath still shook, “I had some personal stuff to work out.”



There was truth in a statement of *better late than never*. Even still, George knew that it was never going to be *late*. Pleasant haze distracted him from prior worry, from hesitation, from the heavy weight of guilt pressing against his sternum. Through the smile on his face, George found the words to answer.

“It’s alright,” he laughed even though nothing was funny, “I’ve always been fine waiting for you.”

A moment of quiet was peaceful instead of heavy. George blinked fondly in the direction of his phone as if Dream would be able to see it.

“Okay, yeah,” Dream huffed with an audible smile, “so is that a yes?”

George scoffed like he’d been stupid. Maybe he had. “Of course it’s a yes.”

Dream laughed in return, breathy and too-familiar. George felt like he was floating someplace far away from reality—and even if he wasn’t teetering on the edge of unconsciousness anymore, he still felt that heavy type of sleepy-tired where everything was sickly sweet, prior issues be damned.

“How soon is too soon?” Dream asked softly, the sound of rustling bedsheets spilling into George’s room through the phone. “Now that I’m done being an idiot I want you here, like, yesterday.”

George laughed quietly, the sound of it dulled by exhaustion. “I’ll be there as fast as you can get me there.”

Dream hummed in response, and the floaty-comfy silence found the space between them again. George still had it in him to wonder, but his curiosity had grown fleeting—he still wondered what had changed between then and now, what exactly had compelled Dream to spring that question on him so soon.

Maybe it was nothing at all. Whatever Dream’s *personal stuff* was, George wasn’t going to ask. Dream told him practically everything, and George wasn’t someone to push on a subject that Dream was clearly antsy about.

He’d always danced around those unnamed personal issues like they were shards of glass. And in all honesty, George wasn’t too keen on bloody feet.

“Is two days too soon?”

Dream’s voice split the quiet in halves, startling George’s lidded eyes open fully. It took a moment—perhaps a long one—for any of those words to process in his head.

“Two days?”

It came out as more of a whisper than George had intended. He slid his hand across the pillow to grab his phone.

“Yeah,” Dream answered, and George blinded himself with screen light. “Flight in two days.”

The date beneath a too late (too early?) timestamp seemed to stare up at George teasingly. Squinting, he dropped his phone back against the bed when the screen flickered black.

“Sure,” he said, perhaps breathlessly. “Yeah. You can...” he furrowed his eyebrows, “you can send me the link, I’ll buy it.”

A light laugh spilled out against George’s pillow. He already had a small hand laid across his

burning hot phone, waiting for when he'd have to pick it up again. But that seemed to be *never*, because Dream killed their quiet with something that wasn't a text message,

"I'm buying it."

For a moment, George wasn't inclined to believe him. Then he remembered that it was *Dream* he was talking to; self-proclaimed millionaire, has given his friends thousands of dollars just because he can, will gift a thousand subs if it means making them suffer.

So maybe George shouldn't doubt the guy who'd given him five thousand dollars for *helping him out*. That probably wasn't a very equal exchange.

Even still, George was sputtering over the phone. "Really?"

Dream laughed quietly, the near-silence growing deafening again.

"Yeah, to make up for the wait," he said it as if it were obvious. "And also because you're my friend." The silence that followed that comment left Dream grappling. "Don't worry, I have money."

*Yeah, no shit.* "Okay," George said finally, figuring it best not to argue. "Whatever you want, Dream."

There was dead quiet between them again, and George couldn't tell if it was painful or welcome. What he *did* know was that Dream was buying him a plane ticket, and that he was going to *see Dream* in what probably wasn't enough time to mentally prepare himself.

When their silence dragged on long enough, George rediscovered the guilt at the center of his chest. He wondered if seeing Dream in person would make things better or worse. The only thing he could do in the moment was hope the answer was better.

Maybe seeing his face would get rid of the camboy obsession. If only he could prove that his fantasies were wrong and farfetched, if only he could finally have a face to put to a name.

"Good?" Dream's voice shattered all his thoughts into pieces.

George swallowed the guilt where it rose in his throat like bile. "Good."

Dream's smile was still radiant enough to cross oceans and penetrate phone calls. George wasn't sure if that was something he hated or loved about him.

"I'll tell you everything again in the morning."

"Okay. I'll..." disbelief caught in his throat at the same time as his breath, "I'll see you soon, Dream."

"Yeah," Dream answered with a laugh. "Not soon enough."

When George's eyes slipped shut to fall asleep, he was left alone with a thought in finality. *Please prove all the fantasies wrong.*

# Face

## Chapter Summary

After what's best described as a pathetic two days alone, George travels to Florida.

## Chapter Notes

ohoho it's already here !! twitter said post it sooner rather than later and i'm a people-pleaser :] enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Maybe two days was too long. Maybe George was just going insane on nerves.

He was compelled to pick the latter, because he'd spent far more time than usual watching that stupid hot camboy. There was only ever going to be one livestream in any given day, but that didn't mean George couldn't rewatch all his old videos.

And it's not even like he'd touch himself every time. For the most part, he was just sitting there, watching this guy jerk off. It was still enough to cloud his brain, still enough to make him forget where he was and what time the clock said and what he was supposed to be doing because his attention was so caught.

He'd missed a stream with Sapnap. When Dream asked what he was up to, he said he was busy packing.

That was only halfway to a lie—there was what very well could've been an attempt at packing sitting on the bed behind him. It was more a disaster than anything else, more just an open suitcase with three random shirts thrown in it and not nearly enough space in his head to think about the things that mattered.

Only guilt. Strange, burning guilt. It came from watching a camboy jerk himself off while pretending he was the friend you were supposed to be packing to go see, it came from realizing that he'd watched one of his videos so many times he practically had it memorized.

But he played with his piercing the most in that stream, and George would be lying if he said that piece of metal didn't have him in a fucking chokehold.

He knew that he was supposed to be getting ready to *literally leave the country tomorrow*, but he was sitting in front of his computer again with the cursor hovering over the play button. The camboy was already visible on the screen, half-blurry where he was standing to press a *go live* button just as the camera started rolling.

George could already see where the light hit all of his too-enticing skin. He knew very well that he started this stream with all his clothes already off.

He pressed play mindlessly.

It was so mindless that the sudden movement on his screen made him jump. But after his quick moment of startle, he settled back into his chair and waited. Watched as the camboy sat down on the edge of his bed, watched where his cock was already hard and absolutely demanding his attention.

He knew this video. *He knew this video.* Knew that it would take nearly a minute before anything truly exciting happened, knew that the beginning was nothing but a lax hand at the base of a pierced cock and a sly smile sitting just nearly out of frame.

*"It's rude to stare."*

And George threw his head back at the sound of his voice. Screwed his eyes shut and whimpered, *whimpered* through tight lips with a hand itching to move. He was holding his armrests with a white-knuckled grip, some strange version of feigned willpower driving him to keep his hands off his cock.

But he was already getting pathetically hard off what was essentially glorified nothing.

When he tipped his head forward again, a grin had slipped more toothy, a hand toying with the silver barbell in his cock. George could feel where his hands were shaking, and he had a foot up on his desk and a palm pressed to his crotch before he could even think.

If he remembered correctly (and he did), it was about to get to the good part. Not that all of it wasn't the *good part*, but things got significantly more exciting when those hands were moving faster and George could hear that too-hot voice *groaning*.

Things were already picking up, egged on by donations that practically begged the man to stop teasing. He laughed with a low kind of darkness, half hissed out through grit teeth when his hand did start to move faster. He rolled his fingers over the head of his cock, slicking precum down to the base and making far too much of a point of leaving it on his piercing.

It was barely visible, but George could see it. He could see it because he was looking. And a palm pressed to the front of his cock had become a hand slipped beneath his waistband, had become jerking himself off too slow and too loose with fingers that weren't doing much to wrap around his cock properly.

Quite pathetically, he was distracted. Quite paradoxically, he was too turned on to touch himself. Maybe he was just trying to save himself from finishing too quickly.

*"So impatient."*

George whimpered again, like insults had been meant for him and only him. Like it wasn't directed at every wealthy donor throwing money at this guy until he touched himself properly, until he spread his legs wider and picked up the pace with a satisfied groan.

Precum slicked up George's fingers in his pants, breath catching in his throat when a tongue licked at the underside of sharp ivory teeth.

He leaned forward to get the lube off his desk. The camboy leaned back to get his face in the frame.

George swallowed thickly, stripping himself of his pants as quickly as he could before re-positioning with both his feet up on the desk. He probably had his legs spread wider than he

needed them, but with two slicked and shaking fingers sliding their way down to his hole he couldn't bring himself to care.

He slipped the tip of one of his fingers in at the same time a groan ripped past those pink lips. George would be lying if he said it wasn't intentional. There was something about that sound that shot fire down his spine, wracking him so deftly with a shiver that his back arched more than it had already had.

A set of narrowed eyes locked with a camera lens. George felt like the blond was staring right into his *soul*, the arrogant smirk on his face doing nothing to help. His breath shook as his finger moved, feeling utterly watched and maybe even *humiliated* with the way those eyes scorched holes into his skin.

That was the other reason why George liked this stream the best. Not only was that piercing hotly enticing, not only could he see more of the camboy's face than normal, but he felt *seen*. Seen and humiliated.

George was trying to both return eye contact and watch a too-quick hand at the exact same time, and he was worried he might go cross-eyed trying to pay attention to it all. He'd seen this video more times than he could count and he knew he did the same thing every time, knew that he could never pick and choose which to look at even if he told himself he could just look somewhere else next time.

Because, quite pathetically, he knew there would be a next time.

He twisted his finger inside himself, choked on a moan in tandem with the spread of pink lips that weren't his. A tongue edged against a bottom lip toward the top of the screen, strained-sounding breath falling audibly into the mic.

Without enough warning to himself, George slipped his second finger in. He could feel it where he stretched around himself, squirming in his seat with a high whine caught at the back of his throat. Even still, he tried to match the pace set by the blond's hand—a pace that was probably too fast for his wrist and body to keep up with, but he tried nonetheless.

When those eyes lost George's to presumably read a donation, he let himself stare down at his cock again. His fucking *cock*, where it was leaking just barely visibly and looking strained despite all the teasing. Fingers rolled over a piercing without enough lube, skin made noise where it hit against itself over and over again.

George could hear where he was making sound, too. And not just the desperate whines that spilled past his lips like a prayer, but the obscenely slick noises where his fingers drove into himself without mercy.

His thighs were shaking where they were spread apart in the air. There was probably no hope in getting his mouth to shut anytime soon, tongue heavy against his lower lip where he panted through another desperate sound.

*"Look at you."*

And eyes had found the lens again, eyes had found *George's* again. Every teasing word wedged its way into his skull, dragging another desperate whine past his lips when fingers paused in motion. He only left them shoved into himself, knuckles pressing against his rim without relent.

A breathy *"fuck,"* sounded through his speakers, and George would always wonder how that single

curse managed to be the hottest thing in the world.

He scissored his fingers apart. The self-imposed stretch left him mewling, eyelids fluttering absentmindedly as he spread his fingers as far apart as he could get them. Those dark, narrowed eyes watched him with so much intent; George knew that he couldn't *really* see him, but it certainly felt like he could.

George crooked his fingers rather than spreading them, toes curling against his desk while he slid down further in his chair. He whimpered pathetically, those eyes seeming to follow his every move, voice stuttering over too-loud breaths when his fingers moved just barely.

Another curse descended from the camboy's lips. George twisted his fingers at the right angle to knock against the right spot, tearing a pitifully loud moan out of him where he cried up at the ceiling.

If he wasn't already shaking before, then he certainly was now.

His eyes just barely refocused on the screen, just enough to see those fingers toy with sinful jewelry in a way that had become sickly familiar. George's breath shuddered, fingers barely moving where they were still caught inside him, just a touch away from the spot he wasn't sure he wanted to avoid or not.

*"It's this,"* two fingers caught around a silver barbell, *"isn't it?"*

*Yes, yes it was that, it was that.* George thought he could cry, fingers trembling enough to ghost over his prostate without much intent. And he whined, making the stroke of it more intentional and letting his moans split through his room.

A hand that had just been toying with a piercing had gone back to rhythmic movement, faster than George could keep up with if he was going to keep punching that same spot. Pleasure made the fingers buried inside of him shake, made the ache in his wrist go invisible where bitten lips cried.

"Fuck," he sputtered, eyes flicking shut when another groan spilled onto his desk. "Fuck, *Dream* —"

And a lust-crowded mind was too hazy to kick himself.

He mewled over the drive of his fingers, crying out at the ceiling where his gaze was swallowed darkness. The impending sense of *close* was loud and fucking everywhere, tugging at all of George's limbs and gathering in his thighs where his stomach had pooled hot magma.

Every sound spilled with increasing desperacy, a cried-out crescendo met with a hand wrapped around the base of his cock. Umber eyes fell open again, vision filling with the spread of tan skin displayed across his monitor and a face twisting in predictable orgasm.

Two mouths grew strained from spreading open, and George was always the first to spill. He hadn't even realized he'd started moving the hand on his cock until his fingers had gone sticky, until the motion was slowing down in tandem with the halt of two fingers inside him.

With heavy, catching breath, he watched a too-hot face contort with eyes rolling back into his skull. Stripes of white spilled from his cock, painting clean skin filthy. George watched when a hand didn't stop, watched when the motion slicked cum over his piercing in a way that shone brighter under the light.

George whined pathetically, tugging his fingers free from himself and letting that last drops of lube

spill out onto his chair. The blond on his screen finally drew the hand away from his softening cock, breathing heavy through an open mouth with sweat glistening on his in-frame forehead.

He laughed lightly, stroking too-long hair away from his eyes when his gaze flicked over to what George assumed was a monitor amongst his setup.

“404,” it startled George out of his skin despite having seen it a thousand times, “*nice to see you again.*”

It somehow managed to feel targeted every single time. Because of course he had to use the word *again* on the stream that George always came back to, of course it had to feel like he could see right through the screen to where George lay pathetically in his chair.

He had to pack. And the sudden remembrance of Dream’s very existence reminded him of the way he’d cried his name out at the ceiling.

Eyes closed with the heavy drag of shame, a video displayed on his monitor finally ending properly. It left that same strange angle halted on his screen, where he could see the front of the camboy’s body and nothing too explicit.

His fingers were still slick with lube, the opposite hand sticky with cum. He tried to ignore the all-consuming shame where it found a hold around his wrists, dragging himself up to his feet with a silent promise to pack after he took a shower.

A very, very long shower. And he watched soapy water where it swirled down the drain, hoping that the cold rain could wash all his shame away.

When he finally was packing, he spent every moment of it trying to forget. He’d closed all the tabs on his computer and wiped his search history despite incognito windows, pretended he couldn’t see himself when he shoved the bottle of lube into the bottom of his suitcase.

Maybe two days hadn’t been long enough. Because after his fit of objectively too much porn and a completely panicked attempt at last-minute packing, George was on a plane to Florida.

*Was this really happening?*

There were a hundred thousand reasons to be caught in disbelief. Even as he was lifting off the ground, even as he was reminding himself just how long it had been since the last time he had flown somewhere.

If he could’ve slept, he would’ve. After staying up through the time he’d allotted to rest before his flight because he had to pack, George was half-past tired. But he was also far too antsy to keep his eyes shut long enough to doze off.

There were a hundred thousand reasons to be nervous. Only some of them were related to blond camboys that he was trying to leave at home.

Maybe—independent of finally seeing his best friend for the first time—this was exactly what George needed. To go be busy and somewhere else for two weeks, to not be alone in his room every day and every night until he’d fallen back to the same explicit videos again.

Like a distraction. *Yeah, a distraction.* Perhaps, by the time he comes home, he’ll have forgotten about *theboyofyourdreams* altogether.

It was farfetched, but George could certainly hope.

A flight had never taken so long to land. And George had spent as much time as humanly possible trying to distract himself from everything; had watched more movies than he needed to and spent too many minutes with his eyes closed despite knowing it was fruitless.

And when the wheels hit the expanse of runway pavement, George nearly jumped out of his skin.

*He was here. He was in Florida. He was going to meet Dream.*

His phone was off Airplane Mode as soon as he was allowed to change it. The plane was making all of its routine dinging sounds, flight attendant over the intercom declaring their arrival in Orlando. She probably rattled off which carousel number their flight was and where to find it, but George wasn't really listening.

He'd long since lost his headphones to his lap when he got tired of the same three albums, but even still the sound of aircraft buzzing was nearly lost to his distracted ears.

Without question, the first thing he did was text Dream.

*just landed :]*

He didn't even turn his phone off. Despite a battery percentage that was a little too close to zero for comfort, he left his screen bright and in his face when he tapped his fingers against the side of his case.

*i'm by baggage claim. found your flight's carousel :)*

*excited to see my pretty face?*

George laughed quietly and to himself, exhaustion and hours-old shame forgotten when Dream was so *close*. He was quick to text back before his phone got any closer to death, the plane taxiing slowly on a journey to an unknown gate.

*we'll see just how pretty your face is, idiot*

*my phone's about to die so i'll see you*

He shifted his hand to hover a finger over the power button, but he waited for the typing bubble to become a message first.

*got my eyes wide open for you georgie :)*

With an eye roll that Dream couldn't see in response to that stupid nickname, George shoved his phone into his back pocket. And he stared out the window at a place he knew to be Florida, airport buildings so close yet so far to where he was stuck inside the plane.

But soon enough, he was stumbling into the airport proper feeling gross and post-flight as ever. He realized quite suddenly that he had not been prepared enough for the layout of this airport.

Maybe if the tickets had been bought two months ago instead of two *days* ago, then George would've known where to go. Maybe if Dream had told him how to get from whatever the hell gate he was at before he ever got on the plane, he'd know if he was supposed to go left or right.

It didn't take him very long to pull out his phone. Halted in front of a bathroom being crowded by all the people from his flight, George checked to find he already had a text from Dream.

*shit you have to take a tram to get to baggage claim*



And whatever the hell the reason was for an airport to have a tram in it, George would never know. Clearly, he'd have to take it, and clearly, he still had no idea what he was doing.

He resolved to follow the crowd of people streaming down the corridor. The sun was bright outside the windows and painting the white tile blinding, noise too loud for it to be okay when there were so many people all caught in one place.

Speaking of not knowing where to go, George actually remembered that he didn't know which carousel his flight's baggage claim was. But that was probably the least of his worries when he was still an entire tram ride away from baggage claim at all, and the crowd he was following was the only hope he had of finding his way anywhere.

And they did, in fact, lead him to what looked like a tram station. A gathering of far too many people between two tracks, a building way too far in the distance for George to understand the point, but he stood and waited nonetheless. There were far too many people standing in front of the first two doors, so he meandered his way over to the far one and tapped his fingers against the strap of his bag.

He probably looked like a total idiot. He was covered in exhaustion and confusion and excitement to meet his best friend, and surely every bit of that showed across his existence. He would've given anything to see how ridiculous he appeared from an outside perspective.

And as if the universe wanted to tease him, George nearly fell flat on his face when the god forsaken tram started moving. He'd boarded without issue, ears full of an automated voice saying something about staying clear of the doors, and he'd been far too distracted to grab onto one of the rails until the tram was already in motion.

*As if he needed more reason to feel like a complete idiot.*

At the very least, George knew that he was in Terminal B. It was kind of difficult to mess that one up when he'd clearly taken an international flight.

And speaking of international, he could barely remember getting through customs. He remembered waiting in a line that he nearly passed out in, remembered nearly screwing up his declaration to a customs worker and hoping that nervous laughter and an apology would get him through it alright.

It did. Somewhere in his head, Dream's voice said he had *pretty privilege*.

He checked his phone again. It was mostly for the time, mostly to see if it had died between buildings or not; it hadn't, and Dream had sent him yet another text.

*carousel 22*

George sighed audibly, barely catching himself when he muttered out a "*thank you, Dream,*" in the direction of his phone. There were about a hundred thousand signs hung from the ceiling of the airport, and the only useful information that George got from all those words was that he needed to be one floor lower than he was.

*Why did this have to take so long?*

It was as if the world wanted him to get even more anxious than he already was, as if everything just wanted his heart to beat faster until he feared it may break his ribs.

His breath was heavy and falling through his mouth when he stepped off an escalator, the number 22 loud and rattling about his skull, words hard to find above the heads of what felt like a hundred

people.

*One of them was Dream. He was in the same place as Dream.*

He was going to die before he ever found him. And the closer he got to his friend the harder it got to breathe, the more anxious he got beneath too-bright lights and a blazing sun outside the window.

Wandering aimlessly might not get him anywhere, but at least Dream knew what he looked like. George could not say the same about his friend.

“George!”

But he knew that voice better than a lot of things.

“Dream?”

And he didn’t know what direction he was supposed to be looking in, head tossed over his shoulder frantically until he was being swallowed by a pair of strong arms.

“Dream?” he sputtered, voice caught against the man’s neck where it wasn’t quite swallowed by his hoodie.

“It’s me,” Dream whispered, and George finally returned the embrace. “And it’s *you*, oh my god.”

George laughed quietly into Dream’s chest, nearly startled by just how tall his friend was where he held him just a little too tight. But they stayed like that, stayed wrapped up in each other in the middle of baggage claim like there was no one else in the room.

Dream didn’t let go until George loosened his embrace, pulling away but leaving his hands planted on George’s thin shoulders.

“You’re here,” Dream said in disbelief, and George’s eyes were barely focused on the mess of a face he saw in front of him.

“I am.”

George blinked, and things came into focus. He saw Dream, *Dream*, standing in front of him with freckle-scattered cheeks and a mess of blond hair on his head. He was smiling with his sharp ivory teeth, putting both the airport lights and the sun to shame with the way he spilled radiance.

And in a reaction that George never would’ve predicted, he wished he could just run away. Maybe all the way back to London, maybe only as far as the other end of baggage claim.

Dream was... *Dream was...*

George stared up at that sickly familiar face, and in what may have been the worst turn of events, he knew the way it twisted when he spilled filth all over his hands.

## Chapter End Notes

# New

## Chapter Summary

George meets his best friend for the first time.

## Chapter Notes

george's announcement stream was whacked anyways chapter three

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George wanted to hide. He wanted to run away from this *so bad* —though he knew that would only make things look strange and impenetrably terrible.

Because obviously, Dream knew what he was doing—knew that he was a camboy and knew that people watched him. If George acted too weird then he'd know, and somehow, George would have to deal with that. Sure, he had the excuse that he hadn't known at the time, but that was barely passable when the fact that it was Dream only made him more desperate to watch him.

*theboyofyourdreams*. In hindsight, it made a sick amount of sense. George wanted to kick himself.

"We'll have to wait for your bags," Dream said it so casually, because he didn't *know*, "it shouldn't take too long."

George swallowed thickly, neck straining where he stood too close and looked up too far. But he nodded his head, tried not to stare too obviously or stumble over his words like an idiot.

"Yeah," he answered meekly, "okay."

Dream's eyebrows knitted together, the hands left sitting on George's shoulders falling away. The look of confusion on his face wasn't as familiar as the grin, but the twist of his brows still managed to remind George of something else.

"You alright?"

*Fuck*. Maybe he'd been a little too obvious in his saucer-wide eyes and the pink on his cheeks. George could feel the heat under his skin, and he silently loathed the way he flushed so easily.

"Yeah, just tired." And it wasn't a lie, per se, but it certainly wasn't honest. "Sorry."

Dream smiled, and the glint of his teeth behind pink lips was far too endearing for what George was used to. He wasn't sure if he quite hated the way he already knew his best friend's face, but he wasn't really complaining—Dream was *hot*.

"No, no, I get it," Dream reassured with that persistent radiant grin. "Long flight."

George nodded, but only just barely. The echo that fell past his lips felt just as distant as the look in

his dark eyes.

“Long flight.”

The smile on Dream’s face shifted closer to concern, eyes flicking away to find the baggage carousel behind them. It was still unmoving, still crowded by tired strangers all waiting for their things just as George was.

“Why don’t you go sit down?” Dream offered, pointing vaguely to the benches off to the side.

George followed the movement of his hand, nodding once again with just as minuscule a movement as always.

“Uh-huh,” he said absently, somehow feeling like he might just fall over.

Dream touched his shoulder again, and George hoped that the halt in his swaying hadn’t been too obvious. There were a hundred thousand meanings lying beneath those hands.

“What does your bag look like?” Dream asked suddenly, words startling George out of the move he was starting to make toward a bench.

“Dark blue,” he answered, gesturing at nothing without direction. “My name’s on the tag.”

The hand on his shoulder tapped gently before drawing back, another brand new face spreading across Dream’s features; a lazy smile, too lax and too comforting for the way George’s heart was pounding through his ears right then.

“Okay,” Dream started to back away toward the carousel, “you can go sit down, George, I’ll get it.”

George nodded minutely again, retreating off to a seat just as the alarm sounded for the carousel. In his strained state of mind, he could barely remember that meaning the belt was about to start moving, but he could see the way it made every bystander perk up just slightly.

But George was far too tired and distracted to care much about his own bag, let alone any of the other ones. He’d collapsed against the bench with a heaviness rooted in more than just exhaustion, eyes distant and lost where they dragged across the floor.

He wasn’t quite sure if he wanted to avoid looking toward Dream at all costs or stare unapologetically. If anything, now was probably the best time to stare at him—he was distracted, *busy*, and he surely wouldn’t notice.

So he might’ve stared. He might’ve stared very obviously to anyone who bothered paying him any mind, but if Dream happened to notice then he could always blame it on being tired. He just couldn’t help it, not when he’d been watching his best friend jerk himself off for he couldn’t even remember how long and *getting off to it*.

Oh god, he knew what Dream’s dick looked like, didn’t he?

*Oh god, Dream’s dick was pierced, wasn’t it?*

George did not have time to think about this right now. Not when he was tired and susceptible and it might’ve been getting a little too close to the time his favorite camboy—*Dream* went live. It was like his body expected it, and George almost wished he could make it stop.

Maybe not, though. He was having a better time than he thought he would sitting on a bench in the airport just thinking about Dream's very enticing and very pierced cock.

He *really* wanted to taste it.

And on a tamer note, he was thinking about Dream shirtless. It only got worse when he *did* find George's bag, when he picked it up off the carousel with way more ease than George had when he tried lifting it onto a scale way back in London. Maybe he was thinking about Dream's arms and how easy it would be for him to pin George down to the bed, maybe he wasn't.

*He totally was.*

But he had to quit his obvious staring before Dream got too close, blinking rapidly and trying to forget about any skin that Dream wasn't showing in the moment before he had to hear his voice again. Unsurprisingly, that didn't work.

"Ready to go?" Dream asked, and *yeah*, that voice sounded familiar for more than one reason.

George stood up, obviously unstable on his weakened knees. He thanked whatever higher power was real that he hadn't thought enough to make himself hard.

"Yeah."

The entire span of time between that moment in baggage claim and pulling into Dream's driveway was a rather pathetic blur. George knew he was tired, and he could faintly remember a comment from Dream about how he couldn't seem to walk straight. There was a vague memory involving a complaint about how hot it was when they got outside, to which Dream responded with a curt "*I told you so.*"

George couldn't remember if he actually had. Maybe he'd ask later, if he didn't forget before then.

And surely, he'd fallen asleep in the car. He had a bad taste in his mouth when they finally arrived in front of Dream's house, and he couldn't remember a single road that led out of the airport he'd just spent far too long in or even one of the songs that Dream had playing on the radio. Even if the music had been quiet where it came from the speakers, George was sure he would've been able to remember *something*.

But what really solidified things was Dream's teasing voice. It also reminded George of something else, but that wasn't something he wanted to think too hard about when he was still only six feet away from Dream.

"Sleep well, princess?"

George tried to ignore the way his body shivered at the pet name, making a face of disgust while Dream laughed quietly to himself.

"Yes," he answered truthfully, "and don't call me princess."

Dream only laughed louder, shaking his head with some muttered words that George didn't even want to try and understand. He could only pout harder than he already was, just barely catching where Dream's cheeks turned pink as he turned his head toward the door.

They found their way inside, and Dream made some vague statement about *home*. George could only smile and nod; he was certainly still tired, but not quite enough to go back to sleep. He figured it'd probably be better to just stick it out until night, anyways.

Not like that was going to take too long, seeing how the sun was already starting to set. George knew there were colors in the sky where the sun left them painted, and he wondered if their beauty was a little more than average tonight.

“You gonna go back to sleep?” Dream asked suddenly, leaning against his kitchen counter with a look of anticipation.

George shrugged despite already knowing the answer. “Probably not.”

“Yeah,” Dream knocked his hands against the granite, “probably better to stick it out.”

George only hummed in response, wandering over toward the part of the wall Dream had left his bag against. When he tried to pick it up with one hand, he found that it was too heavy.

For one, what the hell did he pack, and two, how fucking strong *was* Dream?

George totally wasn’t thinking about his arms. Or his chest. Or anything else regarding his friend wearing any less clothes than he currently was, for that matter.

“So...” Dream’s drawling voice got George’s attention enough for him to turn his head, “what do you want to do?”

*You.* No.

“Not sure,” George said instead. “Do you have...” he hesitated, dragging his eyes away from Dream’s waiting eyes, “I don’t know, like, plans?”

He was not being very subtle, but he was too tired to be subtle. (And if Dream had plans, then George had plans, too).

“I wouldn’t make plans the day I was supposed to pick you up from the airport,” Dream said through laughter, shaking his head as if it had been obvious.

And of course, it had been obvious. George only mentally kicked himself a little bit, turning his head away from Dream to stare down at his stupid dark blue bag.

“That’s not what I meant,” he said quickly, and maybe he was giving himself away. “I meant internet stuff.”

Dream raised an eyebrow. “Do I have plans to stream?”

*Not as dreamwastaken.*

“Or film, or something,” George stumbled over almost every word, and he could only hope that it wasn’t too obvious. “I don’t know, I just wouldn’t want to interrupt you.”

“Oh!” Dream leaned up off the counter. “I’m...” his eyebrows knitted with a strange sense of thought, “I have to talk through some coding stuff with Callahan later, but you might be asleep by then.”

George knew. *George knew.*

“Yeah,” he forced a quiet laugh, “I’ll probably crash early.”

Dream’s concerned-looking face turned quickly, something softer dragging across his sharp features and leaving George with less familiarity. It still looked good on Dream—everything did—

and it made him feel oddly comfortable.

“Sorry you had to fly so long,” Dream spoke with so much earnest George wanted to curl into himself.

He already felt bad for thinking about Dream, already felt bad *jerking off* to Dream, and now he had to deal with the fact that he was hiding it all from him. Despite all his wishes from a bed back in London, seeing Dream in person did not make his fantasies go away.

“Means I get to see you,” George answered softly, “so it’s okay.”

Dream smiled. “I’m glad I get to see you, too.”

The comfortable silence they sat in for a moment was warmer than it had ever been over the phone. All it was was eye contact across the kitchen, a slow approach of socked feet across tile until Dream was standing in front of George again.

He didn’t hug him like he’d expected, only gestured toward a bag still leaning against the wall.

“Need help with your bag?”

George swallowed, looking down at the navy blue thing sitting right where he’d left it. He almost felt pathetic for not being able to lift it, but maybe it was better if Dream did it for him. *For more reasons than one.*

“Um, maybe, yeah, a little,” George said sheepishly, laughing when his eyes fell to the tile. “I don’t remember it being this heavy.”

Dream laughed as well, leaning down to pick his bag up off the floor. He looked at George with the glow of mirth in his narrowed eyes, and George couldn’t hate the way he knew the grin on that handsome face.

“It’s not heavy, George,” Dream teased, “you’re just small.”

It felt in character. George was shuddering and flushing pink, but he wasn’t going to admit to the fact that being smaller than Dream made him feel like that.

“Don’t—” he only sputtered a little, “don’t say that, Dream.”

Dream scoffed playfully, shaking his head when he shifted the bag in his hand. He was already starting to walk away, and George figured that he was supposed to follow.

“Whatever,” Dream called over his shoulder, “I need to show you your room anyways.”

So George *was* supposed to follow, and he certainly did. Let Dream show him the guest room he was meant to be staying in, let him tap his knuckles against a closed door and say “*that one’s mine.*” George wondered briefly why his door was shut so tight, and images of cameras and ring lights filled his head instantaneously.

He tried not to think about it, but even he knew all attempts were fruitless. He distracted himself by bidding Dream goodbye and shutting the door, wandering through his room to get his bearings and opening his suitcase slowly.

He’d forgotten to ask if he could use the drawers in the room, but they were all empty, so he figured it was alright. Somehow, he’d already forgotten about the half-empty bottle of lube shoved

down to the bottom of his suitcase—and he nearly screamed when he finally saw it again.

Almost immediately, he hid it in a mess of his own clothes in the drawer. He had to tell himself not to think about screen names or how his best friends looked naked, and he decided that this was going to be a long two weeks.

~

Dream was way too nice. *Dream was way too nice.* It was going to drive George insane.

They'd eaten dinner together, sat at the table across from each other where George was forced to look Dream in the eyes the whole time. And they'd made casual conversation, finding that it all came just as easily as they'd thought it would after knowing each other for so long.

Then George said he was tired, let Dream show him how to use the shower and found himself sat on top of his still-made bed with wet hair and eyes too wide to sleep. He was waiting, and he knew he was going to have to wait a little longer than he wanted to; surely, Dream would wait until he figured George to be good as asleep, and surely, it wasn't quite his normal streaming time just yet.

So George could only will himself to be as quiet as possible, hoping that he wouldn't ruin anything by hinting to Dream that he was still awake. He also found himself faced with a decision: he could either watch on his phone or on his laptop.

Predictably, he decided on his laptop. And he'd already opened that too-familiar page, hopelessly scrolling past recognizable thumbnails where he could already feel himself getting harder in his sweats.

Unpredictably, the stream started sooner than he'd expected. George figured that Dream had assumed George to be completely exhausted, and he wasn't completely wrong—it was just that Dream hadn't predicted George wanting to stay up for his stream.

*theboyofyourdreams is live!*

Live and only one wall away. Not even just any wall, but the one that George had his back pressed up against—fleeting, he wondered if he'd be able to hear anything. He wondered if it'd be hotter in muffle through the shared wall in question than it would be through his laptop speakers.

There wasn't really time to think about that, though. Not when the camboy—*Dream*—was sitting on the edge of his bed like always wearing an outfit he hadn't been in before.

A tight fitting button-up. A pair of slacks that looked equally as restricting. A sharp-toothed grin hovering at the edge of the frame.

Donation messages seemed torn between how hot that outfit made him look and how much hotter he'd be if he took everything off. Dream didn't say anything in response to either conclusion; only wore his arrogant smirk and toyed with his belt absently, slipping his fingers beneath the leather by the buckle with painfully intentional slowness.

George was already fidgeting. How someone could be so hot while doing next to nothing had always been beyond him, but he could only figure that it had to be anticipation. Maybe his sense was only heightened by the fact that he knew exactly what Dream was hiding, could still see it in his head if he closed his eyes and thought.

Laptop resting precariously against his thighs, George leaned back against the wall behind him. He was being far too wary of his volume levels despite the only noise being heavy breath, just barely



audible through a buzzing silence.

Dream unbuckled his belt. Spreading his legs, he unfastened his pants, too.

George didn't realize he'd been holding his breath until it came out in a gasp, the startled sound met immediately with a hand slapped across his face. He dug his teeth into the flesh of his palm, let his other hand lay still over his hardening cock where he watched Dream's every move.

He was never going to stop drooling over that cock. And he knew now that it only got worse when he knew it was just a few steps away from where he was sitting right now, only through that wall he was pressed up against and a thousand barriers of years-long friendship.

That and the admittance of watching your best friend cum for months on end. But when George was turned on and desperate, he didn't have much time to think about that part of his situation.

Dream had wrapped a loose hand around the base of his cock, hand jerking upward in tiny, quick movements that were only just enough to stutter his breath. George was making noise, too; but his sharpened exhales were muffled by the hand spread across his lips and biting teeth dug into his skin.

Dream slid his hand up the length of his cock just to flick over the barbell. It was only to draw attention to it before he pulled his hand away entirely—and fuck, did George want to pay attention to it.

When Dream spit into his palm as makeshift lube, George remembered that he'd left his in the drawers on the other side of the room. Decidedly, he didn't want to get up—not when that too-attractive hand was wrapping around a cock again, not when a breathy groan dragged through his speakers as a thumb dug into the slit.

George pulled his hand away from his cock, taking the cover off his mouth to shift his laptop over to the space beside him. One hand slipped its way beneath his waistband properly, not going much farther than the hand resting on his cock where he was scared of making noise.

*"I'm not taking my clothes off."*

It was smug, it was spoken through a grin, and it was *Dream*. Breath caught in George's throat and a hand gripped him properly, wishing somewhere forlorn that Dream would spit in his hand like he had his own.

It wasn't the same if George did it to himself.

And he was too distracted to notice the displeasure in every donation message, how there were only a few caught amongst the masses who agreed with a decision to stay fully clothed. George found himself on the latter side of the argument—those clothes on that body were doing *something* to him.

He couldn't help but imagine that same outfit on Dream while he caged his body against the bed, couldn't help but imagine being completely naked beneath Dream's fully-clothed form and fucking desperate.

Maybe he'd make him ride his thigh. Surely, those jeans wouldn't feel too comfortable on his bare skin. Surely, George would like that.

Fantasies were interrupted when Dream spit out another groan, hand speeding up where it dragged along his cock. George tried to match his pace, slicking every drop of precum he could all across

himself in haphazard lubricant. He had to press his hand against his mouth again, muffling every little whimper where it spilled out against his palm.

The walls weren't thin enough for him to hear anything in person. But he could hear it all just fine on his laptop, could hear the skin and the breaths and the subtle creak of a bedframe when Dream leaned back with his weight held up by his hand.

The position twisted his body just slightly, scarcely enough to strain the buttons on his form-fitting shirt until George could barely catch a glimpse of the tan skin beneath the fabric. Dream spread his legs wider, breath catching when he dragged a finger roughly over his piercing in a way that made George whimper.

He could already feel how close he was getting, and it almost felt like not enough had happened. Maybe it was Dream that made it all worse, Dream and the way he was leaning back against his hand until his face dipped into the frame with pathetically clouded eyes.

He looked more distracted than he usually did. Like there was something else on his mind aside from the show he was supposed to be putting on, something that left all his words in subtle curses that dragged past his lips.

George whimpered into his hand. He didn't even realize he was looking for the freckles on Dream's face until he'd let his eyes fall back down to his cock. It was leaking onto his too-quick hand, perhaps dripping almost as much as George was beneath his waistband.

As always, George came first. Unsure of how long it had been since a livestream started, he spilled recklessly all over his hand and the inside of his boxers with a half-swallowed whine against his palm. With a heaving breath, he let himself fall against his mattress to lay down properly, feeling far more exhausted than he had all day.

Even with the very enticing scene before him, George passed out immediately. He never watched Dream finish, he never sent his routine donation, and he never even closed his laptop.

## Chapter End Notes

there's a lot of tension for a while sorry lmao they will fuck before the end of this fic

# Twenty

## Chapter Summary

There are twenty things that George wishes he knew before coming to Florida.

## Chapter Notes

hi <3 more tension

also if you look you will notice that the 6 is now a 7. yes. more camboy fic than originally planned i had an idea i couldn't pass up

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George woke up not long after the sun. There was bright golden light streaming in through the windows in his room, casting over his barely shut eyes when he squinted.

*One: Close the curtains after the sun sets. It's way too bright.*

As he sat up slowly in bed, he realized that he felt uncomfortable *everywhere*. And it wasn't the achy kind of uncomfortable, it wasn't the fault of sleeping in a horribly twisted position on an uneven mattress. It wasn't the fault of poor sleep, either, though he did have a bad taste in his mouth.

He just felt *wrong*. That, and he was in desperate need of a new pair of underwear.

*Two: Don't fall asleep right after coming. Especially if it's without a tissue or something.*

And it seems he'd passed out on top of the covers rather than under them. It left his skin just a little bit cold, left him feeling just a little bit regretful with a strange notion of *wasted sleep*. Like being under the covers would've made him feel less disgusting this morning, or something.

*Three: Sleep under the fucking covers.*

Perhaps worst of all, though, was his dead laptop lying next to him on the bed. It was still open, but the screen displayed nothing but black; buttons didn't work when George pressed them frantically and he knew it was the fault of neglecting to plug it in.

But he was not upset about having to wait for a device to charge. He was upset because he still knew what the last thing he watched had been.

*Four: Finish camboy livestreams and close laptops before falling asleep.*

The only reason he wanted to get back into his laptop was to see if the screen was still up. He wondered fleetingly when it had shut itself off, how much longer that stream had gone on for after he passed out before Dream came.

He kind of wanted to watch it now, but that may as well have been the least of his worries.

Despite still being tired, George was already a mess. He felt twisted in every sense of the word, practically falling off of his bed to go get changed. He got dressed in whatever was on the top of his drawer, shoved his ruined pair of boxers under the rest of the dirty laundry in his suitcase and pretended it didn't exist.

He was going to throw those out at some point.

And he rifled through his backpack in search of his laptop charger. He knew he hadn't taken it out when he got here, because he didn't really have any use for it.

*Maybe he should've just watched the stream on his phone.*

He knew his laptop still had plenty of battery when he'd gotten in bed last night and opened that godforsaken website, but it's death was still clearly inevitable.

All the contents of George's backpack were strewn about the floor. He wondered briefly if he'd missed it when his brain was such a mess, but double-checking still left him empty-handed.

*Five: Don't leave laptop chargers in London.*

At the very least, he knew that he and Dream both had the same laptop. They'd bought them around the same time; George got his first, though, and Dream had asked him if it was any good.

It was. It was a very nice laptop, and Dream took that advice and bought the same one.

All George had to do was go ask Dream if he could borrow his charger. It wasn't even that big of a deal; surely, he'd say yes. He was Dream, and he was too nice and also his best friend, and it wasn't like he needed his laptop charger at all hours of the day.

George may have wished to avoid Dream for a little longer than he was going to have to, but he emerged from the guest bedroom nonetheless.

Dream's bedroom door was open, and he could faintly hear the sound of a clicking keyboard from where he stood in the hall. But George still paused where he stood in his doorway, turned back to his sloppily made bed with a pathetic amount of worry built up in his chest.

He messed up the sheets.

*Six: Lying to close friends about sleeping under the covers is not normal.*

And when he did finally find himself standing by the door to Dream's bedroom, he hated just how familiar it looked. Clearly, he'd never seen the desk; the one that Dream was sitting at, the one with the double monitors and fancy swivel chair.

But he knew that bed. God, did he know that bed.

*Seven: Knowing this is way worse than ignorance.*

Dream was doing something at his setup, but George couldn't tell what from how far away he was. At the very least, Dream wasn't talking, so there wasn't much to interrupt; even still, he tapped his knuckles against the door three times to catch his attention.

He turned to look over his shoulder. The smile on his face was far too inviting, and George couldn't return it with the same fervor.

“Good morning,” Dream said, voice quiet and low as he slipped his headphones down around his neck.

George swallowed, stepping cautiously into the room. “Good morning.”

Dream spun his chair around completely to face George, raising an eyebrow curiously where he stood looming above him. There was still a strange amount of distance caught between them, but George didn’t want to be the one who closed it.

“Is something up?” Dream asked, tilting his head to the side just slightly.

George swallowed again, and he could feel where the sick-tasting spit seared like acid down the back of his throat.

“Uh, yeah,” he said nervously, rubbing at the back of his neck with an open palm. “I forgot my laptop charger at home, can I borrow yours?”

Dream smiled, sharp ivory teeth beneath a spread of pink. “Sure thing.”

And he got up out of his chair, dropping his headphones on the corner of his desk. George watched him cross over to the other side of his room, kneeling down on the floor to reach behind a too-familiar bed where his charger must’ve been plugged into the wall.

“What are you doing?” George asked suddenly, gesturing vaguely at the setup to his side.

Dream laughed quietly, rising to his feet slowly and with a charger in hand.

“Editing,” he answered. “Moving very slow, but this video is totally unannounced, so it doesn’t matter.”

George only hummed in response, nodding slowly as Dream walked towards him. He extended the hand carrying his charger, the smile on his face still radiant with that too-kind warmth. George reached to take the thing from him, trying his best to ignore the way his skin got all tingly when their hands brushed against each other.

“Here you go, Georgie.”

George scoffed, rolling his eyes with overwhelming drama. “Don’t call me that.”

“Sorry,” Dream laughed, “it’s princess, right?”

*Eight: The pet name princess should not be this shiver-inducing.*

George groaned indignantly, tugging his hand away from Dream as fast as he could move it. Dream only laughed harder, high-pitched and wheezing where the sound nearly got stuck in his throat. George wasn’t going to pretend it wasn’t endearing, but he also wasn’t going to pretend it wasn’t annoying.

“I will book the next flight home,” he threatened without weight, the grin edging its way onto his face giving everything away.

Dream was the one rolling his eyes now, and George wasn’t going to act like he didn’t look hot while doing it.

*Nine: Everything he does is the hottest thing in the world.*

“You don’t mean that.”

“Whatever,” George huffed, crossing his arms with played-up frustration. “Thanks for the charger, Dream.”

He started walking away before Dream could say anything else, and he wondered if he was running from something. He was already positioned with his back turned and half a foot out the door when Dream *did* speak again, his voice managing to startle George despite their silence being so miniscule.

“Oh,” George turned his head slightly at Dream’s words, “do you want breakfast?”

George shrugged absently, but his hand was clenching around the charger hung by his side. He thought for a moment about Dream being able to see what he was doing, but he didn’t think he’d be paying much attention to his hands.

“I guess,” he answered finally, voice sounding more breathless than he’d expected it to.

Dream slipped past him to get out the door, touching George on the shoulder briefly. Even still, the slight touch was enough to send those same burning hot sparks under George’s skin, enough to make him halt in every motion—including the rise and fall of his chest, including the too-quick beating of his heart.

This was getting out of hand. More out of hand than it had already been.

“Just come down to the kitchen when you get your computer figured out,” Dream said nonchalantly, already turning out into the hallway. “I’ll make something.”

“Okay,” George muttered. “Thanks.”

He watched as Dream disappeared around a corner, still stuck standing in his doorway with a hundred thousand too many thoughts rushing through his head.

*Ten: There is nothing in existence that is more desirable than him.*

The moves he made to get back to his room next door were slow. And he plugged in his computer just as slowly, deciding that he wasn’t going to return to Dream until it was charged enough for him to turn it on and see what was on the screen himself.

Time was... well, timeless, strangely. Everything dragged at the same time it rushed, and George was sitting on the floor next to a bed that wasn’t his, staring at a pitch black screen. He was waiting for it to flicker alive just as he was waiting for something else, though the second thing was only half-known and much less reliable.

Maybe it was Dream’s lips. Maybe it was his hands. Whatever it was, it was all over him.

*Eleven: One-track minds really do only have one track.*

Slowly, his laptop started its return to life. A screen starting to brighten still left George with ample time to think, though—half-blinded by the light of the sun where his curtains were still open and his ears full of distant noise where it spilled in through his still-open door.

The thought of Dream in the kitchen was far too domestic for everything else rattling about his skull. All those *other* things, like mouths and hands and piercings and the way his eyes flicked back when he came.

If George wasn't careful, he was going to start causing problems for himself.

He forced his attention to fall back on the laptop sitting on his thighs, a screen slowly changing to ask for password entry. With an uncharacteristic amount of paranoia, George glanced over his shoulder to make sure Dream wasn't there; though he could clearly hear the noise from the kitchen where he was.

He typed in his password without looking. When he turned back toward the screen, it loaded in the page for *theboyofyourdreams*, just as he'd predicted.

~~Four~~ *Twelve: Finish camboy livestreams and close laptops before falling asleep.*

George closed the tab in haste. It left his desktop dead empty—the way it should be—and his hands a little shakier than they were two minutes ago. He stared at the default background for a little bit longer than he needed to, wondering if that would somehow manage to clear his head.

The answer was that it wasn't. So he dragged himself up off the floor in his tired mess of thoughts, shutting his laptop and leaving it almost under the bed. When he found Dream standing alone in the kitchen, he was ready for the rest of the morning to become a blur.

And for once, the universe gave him what he wanted.

He could barely remember a conversation over breakfast, but what he did remember was a series of strange looks from Dream. They weren't quite accusing, but they weren't *not* accusing either.

His narrowed eyes reminded George of a video he'd seen a few too many times. Again, he was thinking about those hands wrapped around something other than a fork.

*Thirteen: Dick piercings are not very easy to ignore, even when they're hidden.*

Dream made a comment about how George was being abnormally quiet. He tried to make an excuse about still being tired and found a way to snake jetlag into his defense. Dream seemed to accept it, though he gave another weird look when George acted strange at the mention of a nap.

And because Dream was far too nice, he offered up some quiet things to do since George was so tired. Like a movie, or games, or anything chill and easy that didn't involve leaving the house. George knew that he'd only come to Florida to spend time with Dream, so he wasn't going to put up a fight or hide away in his room all day.

Besides, he did *want* to spend time with Dream. All of his bizarre conflict was strictly internal, and the only thing he needed to do was push it aside and pretend he didn't know the things he knew.

~~Thirteen:~~

A distraction would be perfect. A distraction that came after washing his own dishes in the sink, that came after wandering into the living room and sitting silently on the couch while he waited for Dream to finish changing.

He asked if Dream still needed to edit his video. Dream said it didn't matter. And he let George pick the first movie, because he was still Dream and he was still too nice.

*Fourteen: Movies only worked as distractions when camboys weren't staring at their best friends who knew.*

It would be stupid of George not to notice. And though he was trying his best to focus on whatever

he'd chosen to watch, the fact that he couldn't even remember what it was really made it apparent exactly how little attention he was able to pay.

Dream's eyes were on him. Dream's eyes were *all over* him. And they didn't feel angry or resentful or accusing, they felt different. It was a burning feeling that George couldn't quite place, something like the pinpricks on his skin when they'd touched hands.

He didn't want to say anything. Was he *supposed* to say something? Was Dream even actually staring at him, or had he made it all up?

His heartbeat was far too loud in his ears. And he could feel it everywhere in his body, could feel where his blood pulsed through his veins with unforgiving fervor and a notion to eat him alive.

George swallowed thickly. He was sure that the motion of his throat was visible to Dream, especially when they were sitting so close together on the couch.

"What time did you go to sleep last night, George?"

And he froze.

*Fifteen: There are scarier questions than "can we talk?"*

George turned his head slowly to face Dream, finding that an already quiet movie had grown quieter to his distant ears. Their eyes met across the couch, and George could feel where his blood ran colder.

Words had never felt so far away from his mouth, not even when he'd lay dead quiet in the middle of the night. The sun was still too high in the sky for this to be unfolding right in front of him.

"What?"

It came out in a whisper, something desperate and punched out of his chest. Dream raised an eyebrow in response, leaning his chin against the back of his hand with intent.

~~Nine~~ *Sixteen: Everything he does is the hottest thing in the world.*

George tried not to stare, but some things were just a little too true for him to keep his eyes to himself. In his head, it was more than just his eyes.

"You heard me," Dream urged, his face strikingly still. "What time did you go to sleep last night?"

*Seventeen: It always got worse on the repeat.*

George swallowed again, almost savoring the way it scorched the inside of his throat raw. He wanted to look away, but there was something in Dream's eyes that told him not to move. They held each other's gazes just a little too tightly, and George could hear his own mind racing between his ears.

"I don't know," and that was honest, "I wasn't looking at the time."

Dream's eyes narrowed slightly, almost invisibly. It made George want to shrink back against the couch, it made him want Dream's hands on him more than he already did. Something inside him said that Dream knew, and maybe it was just the fact that his face was spread open like a book.

"Did you fall asleep with your computer on?"



Somehow, George managed to get closer to stone. He felt like he couldn't even blink, even just the slightest movement giving away the few secrets he was still clinging onto. When he looked at Dream with focus-failing eyes, he could barely see the grin on his face; but even still, he knew it was terribly cocky.

*Eighteen: Arrogance was hotter in person.*

"I don't know," and that was a lie, "I might have."

Dream laughed, *laughed*, and it was in that sickly hot and low way that he only ever did on stream. And not stream, *stream*.

The familiar sound of it did far more to George in person than it ever did over video. He was almost positive by this point that Dream was doing it on purpose.

"I want you to tell me one thing, George," Dream spoke slowly, every word dragged out like it had a hundred different meanings. "And you have to be honest."

He swallowed again for what had to be the millionth time. It burned him just as bad as all the other ones did, saliva thick like magma and just as flaming as anything else tangerine. And he tried to nod, but he couldn't tell if the motion had been too miniscule to differentiate.

*Nineteen: Cold blood was worse than hot lava.*

"Okay," George agreed, though the word was meek and pathetic in his strained voice. "Okay, I'll be honest."

Dream's sharpened grin only widened, and every move he made got more familiar by the second. It was starting to border on uncanny, and George wasn't sure if he wanted to run away before either of them could say anything else.

"What does it more for you? Is it the piercing, or is it just me?"

*Twenty: George wanted Dream all over him. (And the answer was everything).*

## Chapter End Notes

cliffhangers are sexy (don't kill me)

i PROMISE you will get fed tomorrow and the day after that and the day after that too  
<3 lots of smut they're the longest chapters lmao

# Action

## Chapter Summary

George finds an answer for Dream, and it was never just going to be words.

## Chapter Notes

hey look at all those new tags

long-awaited moment !! also this is the longest chapter in the fic so far take the 8k words of porn

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What does it more for you? Is it the piercing, or is it just me?”

White-hot pin pricks were left everywhere on his skin. George felt like self-imploding. Or maybe he wanted to run away. *Or maybe both.*

But he was going to be doing none of the above. He could barely move when Dream was staring at him like that, and he knew that he’d already promised honesty despite himself. There was nowhere to run—especially not from Dream, especially not in his own damn house.

He could only stutter in response. “Dream...” he whispered finally, gaze caught on the floor in front of the couch.

And Dream laughed again, low and ebon in the way it echoed across the room. He slid in closer to George on the couch, close enough for their knees to knock against each other. It was just barely enough contact to render George pathetically motionless again, to spread his eyes wider than they already were in a way that he hoped Dream didn’t notice.

The breath of cocky laughter in his ear said he noticed.

“You said something in a donation once,” Dream whispered, too calm and too close, “404.”

If it was even possible, George managed to freeze even colder. A hand resting on his knee clenched, gathering fabric beneath his palm in an attempt to ground himself. He was entirely too distant and entirely too distracted, but the wisps of breath against the side of his neck were almost enough to bring him back.

“I don’t...” his breath caught when Dream pushed his lips against his skin, “I don’t remember what I said.”

“Oh,” Dream laughed, the lips on George’s neck drawing back just slightly, “made too many donations to keep track of, huh, pretty boy?”

George could feel where the heat pooled under his skin, could feel where it spread through his

veins and made his blood boil in the sickly hot way. Every prick of pins and needles was lit by burning magma, and George wasn't sure if he wanted more or an end.

"Can you remind me?"

It was a pathetic excuse for a whisper, barely more than a breath where it spilled out into tension-thick air. A set of lips had pushed themselves right beneath his jaw, the light graze of ivory teeth scraping untouched skin.

The living room was entirely too gold for his skin to be turning mulberry.

"Three weeks ago," Dream whispered, teeth nipping at alabaster skin, "something about wanting to taste me."

A drawling, arrogant edge spilled all over George's pink-turning skin. He let that same cutting mouth crash back into his skin again, vague memories clouded by lust hitting him like a freight train.

*you're so hot i wanna suck your cock so bad*

George's breath hitched, eyes screwing shut at the memory. Teeth dug into his bruising skin, the sensation drawn taut with a heavy implication that made him squirm. He almost wished he could forget about that donation, especially seeing how the blond had just been a stranger then—but at the same time, it had gotten Dream's lips on his neck, hadn't it?

"Still true?" Dream asked quietly, that same cocky drag sticking through his tone even in question.

George swallowed thickly. One of his hands dragged away from himself, grasping at the fabric covering Dream's chest. He felt the laughter against his neck before he heard it, jet in color and swirling with a smug lilt.

"Still true," he echoed, pulling Dream closer with the hand in his sweatshirt.

Dream practically *growled* against George's skin, sickly animalistic in how terribly hot it was. George let his mouth fall open when he lost his breath, let one of those enticing hands he'd always been infatuated with snake its way over his thigh. It gripped him harshly, fingers digging into flesh through the fabric of his sweatpants.

"Bedroom," Dream huffed, licking a hot stripe up the side of George's neck, "and you put that filthy mouth to good use."

George shivered, feeling the arousal where it slipped down every inch of his spine. The hand on his thigh gripped tighter, and he twisted his hold on Dream's sweatshirt as if in retaliation. (As predicted, it didn't really do anything).

"Yes," he whispered finally, and Dream practically swept him away at that.

He held George tight around the wrist, dragging him and his shaking body down the hall to his bedroom. To *George's* bedroom, to the guest room where *he* was sleeping, to the bed with falsely messed up sheets and a sin-covered laptop lying forgotten on the floor.

The door shut behind them, and Dream let go of his wrist. They stood in front of each other, *staring*, George's neck craning upward to find Dream's eyes through all his tantalizing height.

"You really want to do this?" Dream asked, the hot arrogance lost from his tone in momentary

concern.

Even without it, George's breath shook. And he nodded slowly to satiate the waiting expression on Dream's face, his own stunned silence broken when he could still feel the wrap of Dream's fingers around his wrist.

"More than anything."

Dream nodded back, brushing past him to wander closer to the bed. When George turned to follow his retreat, he found that he'd already sat himself down on the edge of the mattress. Despite it being an entirely different room, a different bed and a different angle and a different *animal*, it still felt sickly familiar.

George had to swallow a burning intrusion. He felt where it ran down his throat, felt where it nearly got stuck at the halfway point with precious mal intent. Dream seemed to raise an eyebrow expectantly, the hands tucked under the hem of his shirt teasing by the word's very definition.

So George made a slow approach. Careful with every step despite knowing mutual want, stopping farther away than he needed to when he was staring down at Dream like that. The blond spread his legs as if in invitation, the confident edge to his body language far different to the awkward shuffle of George's weight between his feet.

"On your knees, princess."

He let the shudder that nickname gave him roll visibly, falling to his knees without a lick of hesitation. The new position made his distance far more obvious, the grin on Dream's face locked with a hundred different motivations.

Perhaps unwillingly, he crawled closer. Watched as Dream inched his knees even farther apart to welcome George in the space between his legs, looking rather humiliated where he was on his hands and knees. But he still stared up at Dream through the dark of his lashes, eyes already wide and pleading when Dream stripped his shirt off.

Decidedly, he looked way hotter in person. George wasn't being very subtle in the way his eyes raked over all the exposed skin, far too close and far too familiar for any of it to be okay.

"Like what you see?"

In any other situation, George may have given him a displeased "*shut up.*" But when he was already on his knees and pathetically hard, the only thing he could manage was a whine.

Dream seemed to smirk wider at that, hands sliding down himself to catch thumbs in his waistband. George could only watch, hands lifting cautiously to rest on Dream's knees, spit gathering beneath his tongue where he waited in deathly patience.

He didn't swallow. Only waited, watched with rapt interest as Dream pulled his cock out, the arrogant grin on his face never faltering for even a moment. If anything, his ego only swelled—ivory teeth gleaming behind his slicked pink lips with the same obscenity as the hand on his cock.

Maybe George had already seen him like this, maybe it had been a hundred thousand times. But just as he always thought when he pressed buttons to enter a stream, just as he always thought when he let his mind race into things he shouldn't be thinking about—it never got old.

The breath that fell from his mouth sounded like a curse. His tongue darted out quickly to lick his lips slick, leaning forward to draw himself closer to Dream and his cock where it lay.

“Look at you,” Dream teased, the hand not on his cock finding rest beneath George’s chin. He tipped his head up, wide eyes drawing away from silver barbells for a single fleeting moment. “You’re so eager.”

George swallowed finally, and it felt like ashes falling down his throat. The fingers beneath his jaw pushed harder, drew his head up farther until his neck was stretched into a pretty line. Dream eyed his pale skin with a dangerous lilt, something deep in his emerald eyes crying out with merlot want.

“I’ve waited...” George whispered, voice strained in unfavorable angle, “I’ve waited so long for this.”

Dream’s responding laugh shook within his chest, a darker tone than it had been even before. George could feel it where it dripped down to meet his ears, thick and swirling as it crawled through the tense air between them. Somehow, it was enough to flutter his eyes shut—flicking lashes against the flushed skin of his cheeks before they closed entirely.

Dream tapped the head of his cock against George’s lips, the metal of his piercing just barely skating over the skin of his jaw. It was still enough to pull a whine through George’s slicked lips, leaning forward into the touch Dream had laid on him with unforgiving fingernails in the fabric of his pants.

“Go on, then,” Dream urged, hitting George’s lips with a quiet *slap*. “And suck my cock like you fucking mean it.”

George whimpered in response, eyes slipping open at the same time his mouth parted. Dream wasted no time getting his cock between those newly open lips, sliding his hand around to grip at the back of George’s head in a downward push.

And George was already close to a mess. Saliva dripped down his chin without relent, the tang of metal ever-present on his tongue where it lay flat and heavy. He could feel the curve of a sphered barbell when he curled his tongue around Dream’s cock, a welcoming arch to the muscle wrapped in warmth around his skin.

Dream’s breath stuttered. With a gentle hand caught in dark hair, he urged George’s head down farther. He tightened his lips as if in answer, tight and wet and *hot* where they were stuck around Dream and his stupid, metal-adorned cock.

George dragged his lips back up, and Dream let him move despite the hand caught through his hair. He even let George pull off completely, savored the wet *pop* his tight lips made when they dragged away in a slick show of glory.

It was already nothing short of obscene; a pale hand sneaking its way up Dream’s thigh, deft fingers wrapping around the base of a pierced cock and urging the head of it closer to slicked-up lips.

He laved an open-mouthed kiss over the head of Dream’s cock, wet and sloppy by the very definition—but it brought that delightful stutter back to Dream’s breath as if in spite of the messiness. It didn’t feel clumsy; only like a pathetically hot mess, like a tongue swirling around the head of his cock with sinful intent and a little too much practice.

The fingers laced through George’s hair tightened. He could feel blunt nails where they dug into his scalp, could feel where a grip drew closer to a tug and he welcomed every last bit of it.

When his wet lips pushed downward, they wrapped around a shining metal prize. A barbell caught

between ivory teeth, the soft *click* just barely audible over something much slicker. Dream let him bite at the silver piercing, let him flick his tongue against it in repeated motion until it was *rolling*, just enough of something to tug free a breath drawing ever-closer to a proper moan.

George met Dream's gaze from his low angle on the floor. Through the tense weight in the air around him, he could see the clouds of lust where they gathered in Dream's eyes. Dark and maybe dangerous, he wanted every single action that was meant to come from that devilish look.

Sliding his lips back around Dream's cock, he sucked him down with greater intent. Dipped his head down as far as he could get it, took as much as he could take—Dream huffed over a breathy moan, lips dropping open on the sound when George flicked his tongue back over the barbell.

He looked fucking unbelievable like this. Down on his knees, with his swollen pink lips wrapped around Dream's cock. With his eyes spread open and lidded at the exact same time, with a sinful intent behind amber that matched a danger beneath sick viridian.

Dream felt like he'd won something, somehow. Despite this strangely being mostly for George; for George and all his undeniable fantasies, for all his racing thoughts and the things he thought he wasn't supposed to think.

For all those streams he'd watched and thought about for the hours to follow.

"I bet you suck a lot of cock with those pretty lips," Dream said in a quiet lilt, thumb flicking over the spit that gathered beneath George's bottom lip. "Your mouth is so *good*."

It was probably more of a groan than he wanted it to be, but the praise flicked George's eyes up into the back of his skull. That and the implication of where his mouth had been, the implication of *practice* and *experience* with a set of lips that felt too perfect to waste—too perfect to be anywhere but wrapped around Dream's cock, too perfect to be in any way but slicked and half-swollen.

Dream urged his mouth down farther, *just a little bit farther*, savoring the drag of tightened lips where they edged down the length of his cock. And George shifted the hand he'd had wrapped around Dream to lay over the bare skin of his waist, well-manicured nails digging into his flesh without forgiveness in a match to the merciless spread of his pretty mouth.

He whined around Dream when he slipped down too far, when he could feel the gag rising in his throat with a cursed reflex. Sliding his lips free of his cock left him drooling, spit sliding out of his mouth in terribly obscene ropes that dropped against the floor, breath shuddering where he coughed to try and catch it.

"Too much?" Dream asked, properly breathless where it had all been knocked out of his chest.

George swallowed a whimper, the pathetic sound mixing with his spit where it ran down his freshly burned throat. Dream's cock was still heavy and right in front of him, the gleam of a frenum piercing beneath the light of the bedroom far too enticing to be ignored.

"Not enough," he whispered, voice already rough around the edges before he even got Dream's cock back down his throat.

He could feel where that oh-so-enticing piercing ran against his tongue, could taste every last lick of metal where it marked every inch of his mouth with argent-colored claim. Fleeting, he wondered if Dream would be able to taste if off his tongue—if Dream ever did move to taste his tongue.

"Slut," Dream insulted, though it came out as more of a groan.

And George keened around his cock as if it were praise instead, eyes slipping shut when the word fell against his shoulders like heavy rain. Dream seemed to appreciate his enthusiasm, raking a hand through his dark hair with spread fingers. It poured a strange sense of adoration all across George's head, slipping down his face to mix with the obscenity of overflowed spit coating his ever-swollen lips.

He bobbed his head with the drag of his tight lips, a mess of sinfully wet noises cascading down against the floor. The fingers laced through his hair dared to tighten, listing his head sideways in a way that slipped his tongue up the side of his cock. George's knees spread further apart without thought, head slipping lower until Dream dragged him back up with a firm hand.

Without thought, George knocked his bottom teeth against the barbell in Dream's cock. It made a soft sound, one that was significantly louder where it rang through George's skull—and when Dream tugged his head down in response, it scraped teeth gently along his cock.

George tugged his head away instantly and without thought, the apology already hot on his tongue where he could still feel the regret pooling in his sternum. But Dream was already reaching for him again, thumb slipping between his lips where George still had them parted and a ragged breath falling from his mouth.

"No," he whispered, taut and strained, "no, do it again."

For a moment, George was frozen—he could do nothing but blink up at Dream, a half-lost look clouded in his eyes. Dream slipped his thumb further into George's mouth, pressing down on his tongue while his other hand fell back against the base of his cock.

Experimentally, George dug his teeth lightly into the skin of Dream's thumb. In what was both the expected and unexpected response, the blond's next breath shook. And George reeled his head back, his teeth nothing more than a gentle glide against Dream's skin when he slid his lips back down again.

"Yeah, like that," Dream said with the same hush from before, voice pulled tight around the edges. "Just like that, princess."

George shuddered, a quiet whimper spilling from his lips where they were still caught around Dream's thumb. But the finger left his mouth with a lone stripe of saliva, thumb just slick enough to glide when Dream swiped it against George's already wet lips. The hand slipped under his jaw, urging him closer once again until those pretty wet lips were knocking against the head of Dream's cock.

He flicked his tongue out and only licked, the wide look in his eyes glowing as if he hadn't just had Dream properly in his mouth. And the hand he laid back over Dream was hesitant at best, his thumb feather-light over the spheres of a silver barbell and fingers loose in their grip.

"C'mon," Dream urged, tapping his fingers against the skin of George's jaw. "I said suck me off like you mean it, didn't I?"

George whined softly, spreading his lips apart enough to get Dream in his mouth again. He slid his hand down the length of his cock in tandem with the drag of his lips, flicking his tongue over the strip of warming metal and pushing downward until lips knocked against his hand.

He watched Dream's eyes as if in worry. The fingers on his jaw pushed his mouth shut tighter, so he let his teeth drag up the underside of his cock with feather-lightness, only just enough stimulation to drag a groan past Dream's lips. George stopped when he clicked against the piercing,

swallowing Dream back down without an ounce of hesitance.

“*Fuck.*”

And it sounded a thousand times hotter in person, when it could spill out over his ears with a palpable stream of obscenity. George screwed his eyes shut and tightened his lips impossibly, dragging back up the length of Dream’s cock with newfound juxtaposition—the softness of his tongue on the underside, the light drag of teeth on the top.

It gave him the tang of metal on his taste buds again, gave Dream the sensation he was chasing fast enough to string his ragged breaths into groans. In any clearer headspace, George may have wondered how that even felt good—but when he was on his knees with lips spread open and desperate, the last thing he was thinking about was common sense.

His head was mostly a mess of *Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream.*

George was after the sinfully hot noises spilling from his lips, after the quiet whispers of praise that caught against his shoulders in licks of gentle pink. It was just as soft as it was obscene, like the way the nickname *princess* sounded on Dream’s wicked tongue.

The fingers pushed against his jaw slipped back to catch in dark hair. George swirled his tongue around the chill of a piercing, feeling where it shifted beneath his touch. With the presence of dull ivory teeth, Dream groaned through his barely-parted lips.

Hands laid against Dream’s knees gathered tighter, twisting the cover of fabric atop his skin beneath eager palms. George slipped his head down further still, swallowing all of Dream right down to the base where his hands had once gripped with spilled intent. Breath caught in unmarked throats, the skin of a bruised neck bulging obscenely.

Dream slipped his hand to the back of George’s head. He stuttered his motion where he lay unmoving, shifting him barely an inch every time he moved—but still enough to drag out pathetically slicked sounds and a mess of other things less than holy.

George whimpered, feeling where he strained against the fabric of his sweats and the stretch at the corners of his mouth. He batted his eyelashes up at Dream, one of his hands slipping away. Dream watched the motion of his arm where it fell between his legs, a once-fallen smirk finding its way back to his lips in a sick display of all things ivory.

“Yeah?” he huffed out in a mess of teasing, one of his feet inching forward to push on the back of George’s hand. “Enjoying yourself, princess?”

The returning whimper was both in answer and in sensation, every ounce of pressure on his hand shifting all the way down into his cock. Eyes slipped shut in tightness again, heads listing to the side where a cheek knocked against Dream’s thigh. The blond in question laughed lowly, rolling his foot up slowly in a harsh press that left George mewling.

His mouth had become something of useless where it was still wrapped around Dream’s cock. But he still savored the feeling of it; the weight on his tongue, the touch of metal in his throat, the swell of spit where it gathered in his mouth. Dream seemed content in the hot wetness of George’s mouth, too, rolling his foot against a shaking hand until George was startled enough to knock his teeth against skin.

“God, that’s pathetic,” and George whimpered when fingertips dug into the skin below his jaw, “look at me.”



Eyes slipped open in barely-there narrowness. The light of the sun outside the window dared to blind George again, squinting where he lacked familiarity.

“Good,” Dream praised, and George keened at the word. “Can I fuck your throat?”

Dream let him pull off his cock with a sinful *pop*, but he kept his foot in place where it crushed George’s hand. Because the brunet on his knees was already sputtering through panted breath, trails of spit dragging all across his chin and lips in something unmistakably red and gleaming.

“Please,” he managed, “please, and don’t be gentle.”

The ebon trails of arrogant laughter returned to Dream’s lips, sharpened ivory on full display until his tongue flicked out against his lips. He dragged George’s face closer by a hand around his neck, opposite hand falling gently on his cheek to pry his mouth open without forgiveness.

“Anything you want, princess.”

George whimpered through his open mouth, eyelashes fluttering absentmindedly. The pressure on his cock increased without thought.

“Stick out your tongue.”

Without hesitation, George did as he asked. Lollered out his tongue to lay heavy against his bottom lip, watched with interest as Dream leaned forward to hover over him and spit directly into George’s mouth.

It caught against his tongue and upper lip, nearly smeared across the surrounding skin in what would’ve been a welcome miss—but it still served to make George whimper where it lay hot across his mouth.

“Keep your mouth open,” Dream said harshly, tugging George closer still with that loosely gripping hand. “Wider, baby, c’mon.”

So George spread his mouth open until it ached around his lips. Satisfied, Dream slipped his cock back into the catch of warmth, pushing his foot down on George’s hand with the simultaneous movement of the drag of his head.

A hand still lay loose and around his throat. Fingertips pushed gently at the sides of his neck, just barely enough to make George feel all tingly and loose where his blood strained to flow. He let himself be dragged down on Dream’s cock with the slick slide of his tongue, let his palm be rolled against the front of his cock where it was still straining against his clothes.

Metal glided over his tongue when he was pushed upward. It brushed against the inside of his lips when Dream held him still, cloudy eyes meeting through distance and spit-slicked mouths. George swirled his tongue to pull another sound from the blond, the palm he’d splayed out over his knee shifting to find the bare skin of Dream’s waist.

He dug his manicured nails into the unmarked flesh. Somewhere in his head, he wanted to cut him deep enough to leave a mark.

Dream was gripping onto him by the sides of his head. An intoxicating amount of leverage, a foot still pressed to an aching hand with enough force to feel it. He slammed George’s head back down on him, barbell skating across his tongue with that silver-flavored tang. George sputtered with his mouth stuffed full, hips lifting up off the floor and into his pressure-forced hand; he didn’t even realize his eyes are shut until the world has already gone dark.

And Dream held him there—unmoving, fingers tight and tugging against his too-long hair. George could feel where precum smeared across his tongue as his head was dragged up, slicking down the length of Dream’s cock when he was pulled back down again.

Dream stuttered his hips, lifting up off the bed to shove against George’s mouth. He took it through a drawn-out whine, nails digging into the skin of Dream’s waist with a silent want for *claim*. When Dream pulled him upward, his lips were swollen and coated in spit; slicking off his mouth in trails that fell against the floor, bucking his hips up into the pressure on his cock.

“Dream...” he whined, voice pathetically rough around the edges. “Please, *please*, Dream.”

Dream laughed quietly, eased up his foot just enough for George to slip his hand out. He gripped onto a bare waist with two claiming palms, felt the pressure return instantaneously without the buffer of his hand.

“Please what?” Dream scoffed, voice thick with condescending edge and a foot pushing hard against George’s cock. “What do you want, princess?”

George whimpered, leaning up into the touch with wet lips knocking against Dream’s cock. It was nothing more than a wet glide, another choked-out whine falling from his swollen lips and collapsing against the floor.

But he didn’t say anything. Only rubbed his closed lips across the head of Dream’s cock, flicking his tongue out to find the piercing where it was wet and warmed by the touch of his mouth. Dream tugged on his hair, dragging his lips away in a trail of connecting saliva.

“Words,” he insisted, licking his lips with intent. “I can’t give you what you want if you won’t *tell me*, doll.”

Before George could even whimper, Dream spit on his face again. It slicked across his cheek with wet aim, trailing down to his jaw with a burning hot want. George whined, bouncing on his knees and reveling in the press of Dream’s foot against his cock like it was the best thing in the world. (Maybe, in some ways, it was).

“You,” George begged finally, “want you, please.”

Dream raised an eyebrow, laughing quietly through his teeth. And he rolled his foot along George’s cock again, harsh pressure everywhere on him in a way that made him groan.

“Me?” Dream asked with that same condescending tone, dragging George’s head closer to push his lips against his cock. “How do you want me?”

*All over him. Everywhere. Fucking everywhere.*

As if he hadn’t already spilled himself out with just the look on his face, George swallowed the words on his tongue. With eyes on Dream’s hands and spit still on his face, he rasped out an answer with a few more specifics.

“Inside me,” he reasoned. “Want you to fuck me.”

Dream groaned in answer, grip on George’s hair tightening impossibly. The pressure on his cock increased in a pulse, just enough to make George whine and etch his nails deeper into the flesh of Dream’s hips. He could feel where they edged beneath his skin, he could hear when Dream sucked in a breath through grit teeth.

“Dirty mouth,” Dream whispered with rough intent. “Strip and get on the bed.”

George only had time to whimper before Dream was standing up off the edge of the mattress, fingertips slipping free from the catch of dark hair and leaving George desperate on the floor. He was unstable where he rose to his feet, knees aching from a strained position and hands shaky without much reason to be.

Dream only watched as he struggled out of his shirt, falling onto the bed before he could even get his pants off. His clothes wound up on the floor somewhere when he did finally win the struggle, body laid desperate and bare atop the falsely messed-up sheets.

He didn’t even have to say anything before Dream was hovering over him, now lacking the pants he’d been in earlier with a pierced cock lying still-slick against his stomach. George’s eyes had wandered down to it and where he could feel the cool touch of metal against his burning hot skin. When he finally dragged his gaze back up to meet Dream’s too-harsh look, he couldn’t help but swallow through his bruising throat.

Large hands clenched at bedsheets beside his head. He wondered how tight he could hold him around his neck, his wrists, his waist—anywhere that would leave his alabaster skin colored mulberry.

Dream cocked his head to the side with twisted accusation, a cutting grin finding its way across his lips. “Do you have lube, princess?”

George swallowed again. Laying somewhere on his tongue was the answer “*don’t you?*” But when he was lying naked on a bed and Dream was looking down at him like *that*, there wasn’t much space for unholy quips.

“Bottom drawer.”

Dream laughed quietly, spilling out through the clench in his sharpened teeth with a dark cascade down George’s pale skin. He left a searing kiss between George’s collarbones, the swirl of his tongue against bare skin and hidden bone too hot and too tantalizing. George’s breath shook despite a minimal touch, shuddering beneath nothing more than a touch of heat and sickly hot swirls.

And Dream slipped off the bed.

George tipped his head to the side to watch him, watch him kneel down on the floor with hands rifling through a drawer filled with poorly folded clothes until he found what he was looking for. And he rose to his feet with the same arrogant grin, practically dangling that damn bottle of lube from his fingertips like it was some kind of medal.

A single whimper slipped through George’s tight lips. He wondered how loud it had sounded to Dream.

“How much do you use this?” Dream asked with sick accusation, falling back into his former position with eyes locked into George’s. “Every night?”

He asked questions like he didn’t already know the answer, like George’s fingers weren’t stained in metaphorical crimson where he’d run them all inside himself more times than he could count. Like his face wasn’t already a mess of every answer in the books, like he hadn’t shelled out half his bank account to Dream and his stupid cock under a poorly thought out pseudonym and messages that rang too bold.

As if in protest, George responded with a curt, “Maybe.”

Dream scoffed, because he *did* know the answer. And he dropped the half-empty bottle of lube down against the mattress, a big, *big* hand shifting to swallow too much of George’s waist as his lips dipped deathly closer to a set of swollen pink.

“Do you finger yourself watching me?”

Harsh whispers spilled out over George’s plush lips. They tasted of burning metal, not too far off from the tang of a glinted piercing—obscene by the very definition, accusing enough to wrack George’s body hot with a shiver that arched his back up off the mattress.

He considered repeating himself. He remembered seventeen.

“Every time you stream,” he answered honestly, feeling the way a scratched up voice dared to burn his words acrid. “I can’t help it,” George gasped when nails dug into his hip, “keep pretending it’s you inside me.”

Dream groaned through his still-shut teeth, lips practically falling against George’s in a messy, rough clash. He could taste his own metal off George’s tongue, could taste the searing pink of his cascading whimpers and every last echo of his own hot saliva.

George had spread his mouth open without hesitation. And he’d let Dream lick past his lips without giving it enough thought, neck craning upward as if that would bring them closer and feeling where lips pushed messily against each other in heat. Dream dragged his teeth against a swollen bottom lip, reveling in the whimper that rose up in pitiful answer.

There was something fiery and silent in a slick mess of clashing lips, something golden enough for George to spread his thighs further apart in a way that let Dream sit better between them. And he pressed their cocks together with an obscene roll of his hips, a glide that caught metal against George’s skin in a way that made him moan.

Slippery lips managed to break apart. George was still gasping against Dream’s parted mouth, hands tight in their hold on dirty blond hair and tugging without mercy. When Dream rolled his hips again with intent, the moan he gasped out was practically sinful.

“You’ve got a dirty little mouth, princess,” Dream teased, laving another kiss along the corner of George’s mouth. “Guess I didn’t fuck you quiet enough.”

Somewhere, Dream was saying *next time*. George could still hear it despite the only sound in the room being his own gasping voice, cried up toward the ceiling where his neck had arched away from Dream.

He spilled a mess of kisses against the pale expanse of George’s throat, muttering something filthy into the surface of his skin. Between the rest of the noises in that sickly hot room, George couldn’t quite make out a word he said.

“Fingers,” George pleaded mindlessly, hands tighter in Dream’s hair when teeth dug into his skin. “I want your fingers, Dream, *please*.”

And Dream laughed into his neck, flicking his tongue across a fresh etching of teeth marks and the carve of pale flesh. He dragged his head up from his escape in George’s throat, a lopsided grin across his still-slicked lips and a hand already wandering back to the dropped bottle of lube against the bed.

“Desperate,” he whispered like George wasn’t supposed to hear it, but the wet-hot kiss pressed against his lips said he was.

None of that mattered, though—not when Dream was uncapping the bottle of lube with a soft *click*, not when he was slicking up three of his fingers and shifting against the bed, not when George’s hands were falling uselessly against the mattress right by where Dream had left an open bottle of lube.

George watched with his breath held still in his chest. It escaped in a rush when Dream pressed the pad of his finger against George’s waiting hole, and that was all it took to get him to whimper. He was already trying to push his hips down into Dream’s touch, already trying to take him without any space for hesitation or pause.

Perhaps predictably, Dream relented to his wants. He pushed the tip of his finger in and savored the hot tightness of it all, the way George was practically trying to swallow him whole in mere moments. Breath spilled out in pants where hands flexed to grip onto bed sheets, hips grinding pathetically against the intrusion of a single finger and every mewl already begging for *more*.

Dream watched George’s face contort in all it’s burning pink glory. He sank his finger in deeper with a sinful twist, feeling the stretch around him where he made attempts to move.

“More,” George voiced, his pleas falling high and against Dream’s ears. “Please, I can take more.”

Despite practically knowing that was true, Dream still raised an eyebrow. And he plunged that single finger in deeper, savored the sickly wet sounds he made with every move and the responding whines that painted George’s lips bright red.

He leaned down over his squirming body, trailed his lips against a carefully bruising neck with juxtaposing softness; closer now, he could hear every mewl where it stuttered in desperate tones.

“You can?” he questioned in spite of himself, the whine he received in response nothing short of displeased.

A small hand came to wrap around his wrist, tugging it forward without much success. But Dream still let George have his fun, let him have the fingers wrapped delicately around his wrist with a gentle tug to pull him deeper. Relenting, he pressed a second fingertip against George’s rim.

“Please,” George begged without hesitation, hips rolling to push against the touch. “I promise—I *promise* I can take it, I just want you inside me.”

Dream twisted the finger already buried deep. And though he was slipping that second digit in alongside the first, he still tipped his head sideways in arrogantly mocked confusion with a wicked grin on his face. He spread his fingers apart once they were both fully seated, chasing the pathetic whimpers where they fell from George’s lips.

“You already have me inside you,” he said in hush, all breath against the skin of George’s neck in an ebon lick against purple bruises.

George whimpered at that, fine nails digging into the skin of Dream’s wrist. His hopeless pulling had fallen more pathetic, all his helpless grasps against Dream’s skin nothing more than a show for no one but himself. Fingers twisted inside him, and he savored the stretch like it was the only thing in the world.

“Not that,” he mewled, thighs spreading further still. “You know what I mean.”

And Dream laughed because he did. Dream laughed because he was still going to make George say it, burning arrogance already coating his throat like sweet honey.

“No,” a harsh thrust from two fingers, “I don’t, actually,” and he twisted them without relent, “could you elaborate, princess?”

George’s responding whine was much more of a cry, head falling back against the pillow where it was sent up in the direction of the ceiling. And those merciless fingers spread apart before he could answer, tearing the waiting words straight off the tip of his tongue with quick replacement and hopeless want.

Dream chased the desperacy on George’s tongue. Even kissed the undying noises right off his pretty lips, stroked a third finger against his rim with a tease that made him cry out into his mouth. The hand that had once been so deftly wrapped around his wrist fell away, and George wondered fleetingly when he’d become so terribly pathetic.

When those burning lips left him all alone, George had already been kissed so stupid he’d forgotten everything else. And he was more than just a little distracted by the three fingers spreading deep inside him, a careful stretch that had grown so familiar just a touch different when the fingers weren’t his own.

More than just a touch different when it was all for the pierced cock he could still feel pressed between their bodies.

“I believe,” Dream started, words a rasp against George’s flushed pink ear, “I asked you a question,” and he thrust his fingers without enough mercy, “*slut.*”

George mewled, and forgotten words came racing back to him in fast-moving glory. His eyelids fluttered without direction, the fingers moving inside him slowing in a wait for his next words.

He swallowed something like his pride. Gasping up at the ceiling, he wondered if there was even a single shred of dignity left. (There wasn’t, not when falling asleep with his laptop wide open had been what got him here in the first place).

“Your cock,” he nearly stopped talking when fingers ghosted too-close to the right spot, but an intentional pause dragged the words back to his lips. “I want you to fuck me, *please.*”

Dream laughed again, and with a too-slow drag and twisted intent, he pulled his three fingers free. Stray lube dripped off of him in sick obscenity, and he could only wipe his fingers off against the sheet; George lay there, empty and whining, and he watched as Dream moved to slick up his achingly hard cock.

He was more than just desperate. He’d seen Dream’s hand spread across that cock what had to be at least a hundred times, but when he was seated between his still-spreading thighs with breaths loud enough to be heard it was *different*. It was so startlingly different in the best way possible, and for a moment, George felt proud that *he* was the one laying here.

Not any other eager donor from a self-exposing livestream, not anyone who might’ve given him more money or found his page first. It was *George*, and even if he had the unknown advantage of being the camboy’s best friend, he was still the one laid waiting with a pierced cock pressed gently against his stretched hole.

Dream looked down at him with waiting eyes. “Ready?”

George groaned in displeasure, but his desperate voice still cast it high-strung. “I want you so *bad*,

Dream.”

So with an arrogant smirk and terribly hot attitude, Dream pressed forward and sank into George. It was already a greater stretch than Dream’s three fingers, already a thousand times better than watching him jerk off with George’s practiced ease on touching himself.

But he knew that; he wouldn’t have expected anything less. And it was better—better *still*—when there was the cool rush of metal gliding across his burning hot rim with the catch of something taut, cold lube dripping out against George’s skin with obscene opposition.

He was already mewling. A mess of sputters and “*fuck*,” came spilling past his lips, perhaps in a manner that Dream may have called *dirty*. A pair of lips making a mess of his already bruised neck gave George silent confirmation to his fleeting thoughts, thighs shaking where they wrapped around Dream’s waist and moved to tug him closer.

Dream sank in down to the hilt. And when George felt hips press flush with his ass, the moan that escaped him was borderline pornographic. It screwed his eyes shut and sent his neck craning back up toward the ceiling, his once pale skin now adorned with a mess of pretty bruises.

Breath was ragged where it fell against the marked skin in question. Dream was practically aching to move, a pathetic amount of willpower required to keep himself still as pale hands lifted to dig nails into the skin of his shoulders. He watched George’s twisting face for any signs of true discomfort, but everything looked like a mess of pink-shaded bliss.

“Can I move?” he asked quietly—unwillingly quiet—huffed out in a breath against blooming skin with an answer already expected.

“Please,” and it was that one, “hard, Dream, fuck me hard.”

It would be stupid for Dream to deny such a request, especially one so desperate and beautifully unkind. Even still, he started with uncharacteristic gentility—the careful stutter of his hips, no more than an inch of his cock leaving George before slamming back in again with harsh, quick thrusts.

The gasping, rhythmic moans he got in response urged him forward. And George reveled in every single move Dream made; because no matter how pathetically miniscule it felt to a head that was desperate to be pounded into oblivion, there was still that tantalizing glide of metal where it rubbed up against him.

He wanted more of it. He wanted so, so much more of it.

And the dig of nails asked for it silently. A silence that was made of hissing groans through sharp ivory teeth, a silence made of obscenely slick noises and the sound of skin slapping against skin on every single downstroke. George cried out at the ceiling in patheticism, arching his back up off the mattress and knocking his chest against Dream’s in close proximity.

“More,” he pleaded already, “more, please, harder.”

With an exasperated breath against orchid-painted skin, Dream obliged. Turned his shallow thrusts longer, *rougher*, pounding into George with enough force to shake the bed. It knocked the frame against the wall, it creaked the bedsprings within the mattress; all of it only added to the mess of sickly hot noises where they filled the space of the room.

“Like that?” Dream prodded, the rough glide of his piercing enough for George to lose every thought he could’ve had. “You like how that feels, baby?”

In his head, George was screaming *yes* without filter. In reality, he was nothing more than a moaning mess left splayed out on top of the bed sheets; growing louder in an obscene crescendo where it fell upon Dream's waiting ears. It was practically heaven—a terribly sinful, pathetically hot version of heaven—and George would've done anything if it meant he could live in this feeling forever.

Hot metal. The stretch of Dream's cock where it was buried deep inside him. The way his body shifted against the bed with every stroke, the way the bed itself moved relentlessly beneath him. He scraped his nails down along Dream's back, something both too loud and not loud enough begging him to leave visible marks.

It was the same thing that gave him the pride in being the one split open on Dream's cock. Like he wanted rough scratch marks to be seen by strangers, like he wanted everyone to know that there was someone tangled up in bed with Dream.

"Fuck," Dream gasped into his ear. "You take it so well, princess. Take my cock like a fucking slut."

And he keened—loudly and in a cry—a mess of praise and degradation cascading across his skin with an amalgamation of burning hot color. He wondered if Dream could see it the way he could feel it, wondered what the discrepancy was between different sets of eyes and a spread against the too-soft mattress.

Dream shifted George's body without warning, practically manhandling him to throw a knee up over his shoulder and fold him nearly in half when he collapsed back over his body again. A messy trail of spit was dragging against his lips, and George's mouth was already wide open when it fell against his tongue.

The next thrust dragged the metal in Dream's cock up against the right spot inside of George. And he fucking *screamed*.

It was spilled out in hot obscenity, a terribly loud moan falling deftly against his pillowcase. And he could still taste the spit on his tongue when he moaned again, when Dream made it his very mission to hit the same spot inside of him over and over and over again until he was nearly crying at the stimulation and rushing dangerously close to the edge.

He could feel it everywhere within his body where it built up in a sickly hot rush. The groaning in his ear didn't help his gaining speed—if anything, it dragged him down the hill faster until he was babbling a nearly incoherent mess of "*close*," and "*please*," while digging his nails unforgivingly into the roughed-up skin of Dream's shoulders.

"Cum for me, princess."

And that was all it took for George to spill all over himself. He cried up at the ceiling with gasped-out moans, body going limp and messy in Dream's too-large hands where he hadn't stopped the motion of his hips. He was practically dragging George down against his cock with the bruising grip he had on his waist, feeling himself drag just as close as George had been until he was painting his insides white and hot with his release.

A satisfied groan drooled against George's fucked-up neck. Dream collapsed practically on top of him in a mess of catching breath, the room around them falling nearly silent save for their shared and heavy gasps.

George dragged his fingertips over the rawed skin where he'd left it, hearing the way Dream hissed



into his shoulder. He settled for stroking his hand through golden hair, instead.

“We should clean up,” Dream whispered, though the tone in his voice said he didn’t want to move.

George swallowed thickly. He could feel where his voice had become a mess, but he tried finding the words, anyways.

“Maybe,” his answer was quiet, half-choked on where it lay still in his throat. “I feel all gross and sticky.”

So Dream dragged himself up off the bed in a mess of heavy limbs, and he made quick work of cleaning both himself and George up. George was happy to lay still in bed and let Dream take care of the mess he’d made, and Dream was happy to take care of him. They were nearly silent through the whole thing, up until Dream’s hand wrapped back around George’s lube and he looked down at it quizzically.

“You really brought this with you?”

It was a tease, and when George wasn’t pathetically hard and desperate, it was more embarrassing than anything. He buried his face in his hands before he could flush pink, but Dream knew what color was on his cheeks.

“I thought I might need it.”

Dream laughed, thick fingers wrapping around a slim wrist to drag hands away from George’s face. He was met with little resistance, but George was still frowning when he did finally free him from the cover.

Green eyes flicked over to a window. Golden light spilled out onto the floor with the taunt of how it was still barely evening.

“Well,” he looked back at George with a waiting gaze, “do you want to watch me stream tonight?”

## Chapter End Notes

see you all tomorrow for another answer from george mwah <3

# Flash

## Chapter Summary

Dream goes live, and George finds it's different this time. (In a good way, of course).

## Chapter Notes

there are some more new tags :0 anyways enjoy mwah <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George would be stupid to say no.

He always watched Dream's livestreams, anyway. And he'd made it rather apparent to himself that it didn't even matter once he knew the identity behind a pseudonym, it didn't matter even when the once unknown identity had turned out to be that of his best friend.

But even still, George wondered why Dream had made such a point to ask. With a quizzical look buried deep in his tawny eyes, with intent and curiosity that George couldn't help but find peculiar. Maybe, in Dream's head, proper sex on falsely messed-up beds was enough to swear George off his livestreams. (Clearly, it wasn't—otherwise he wouldn't have asked).

After George had said "yes" in answer to Dream's question, they went on with their day. For a moment, George wondered how Dream could be so lax and casual about everything; but he supposed that he was used to it at this point. He woke up every morning post-livestream (he'd woken up that very morning post-livestream) so there wasn't much room to be in a panic.

Perhaps there had been a time when relaxation didn't come so easy, when he was worried and wondering how the hell he'd even gotten where he was.

That's where George was now. Wondering how the hell he'd even gotten here, laying in the unmade bed in Dream's guest room where the messy sheets had finally become earned. A heavy arm lay across his waist with a strange seep of fondness, lips soft and warm where they brushed along the back of his neck.

George wasn't worried, or regretful, or sad, or anything like that. He was content, content because he finally had everything he'd wanted—and that included the paradoxical domesticity of cuddling in a bed that wasn't his. Even greater, it included the stain of amethyst-sapphire where it was smeared across his pretty neck.

But there were still so many questions. *So* many questions. They all waited at the tip of his tongue—his *filthy* tongue—with enough heat to burn him raw. He played with his fingers in front of his face, reveled in the deep breaths by his ear that somehow managed to run a shiver down his spine.

It was because it was Dream. It was always going to be because it was Dream.

And now was a better time than ever to wonder aloud, with his back turned to the man in question and a perfectly good reason to keep it that way. So he opened his mouth with eyes stuck on the closed door, hoping his muscles hadn't gone too tense in a way that Dream would notice.

"How did you know?"

The question feathered out in a strained whisper. His voice was still rough around the edges, but even he knew that wasn't the end of the story—thick hesitation locked the words halfway in his throat, stuck where he could feel it bulging out against his skin in unorthodox familiarity.

"How did I know what?"

Dream's voice—as always—was just as pathetically attractive as the man it belonged to. The way his tone had been scorched deeper with lazy half-asleep only made it better, and George would've done anything to keep that low rumble against his ears.

"That..." he hesitated, could still feel where words pressed against his throat, "with me." He tried to swallow it, but it all got too stuck. "And the... the stuff."

A low laugh spilled out against his exposed skin, both warm and chilling at the exact same time. The hand that hung loosely at his front shifted to hold him tighter, tugging his back deeper into the press against Dream's chest.

"George," Dream huffed accusingly. "You practically *begged* me to fuck you, I think you can say you watched me cam."

George could feel when his body flushed with embarrassment, hot and pink and pathetically familiar. He whined through his teeth, hid his face in the pillow as if he wasn't still turned away from Dream, the laughter against his neck making him burn a pitiful rose.

"Can't you just answer the question?" George whined, words half-muffled by the pillow he'd stuffed his face in.

And Dream laughed in answer, pressing a gentle kiss to the hot skin of George's shoulder. It was far too soft for being that close to a mess of sick orchid.

"Not until you actually ask me the question."

George shouldn't have expected anything less from a man who'd been so quick to prod. In a familiar echo, George could hear the "*can you elaborate, princess?*" where it rang through his head.

So he swallowed the last bit of pride he had left in his mouth. It was thicker than words caught in his throat, heavier than a lot of things he'd let run down his tongue. The worst part was tugging his head up out of the pillow, but he kept his eyes screwed shut and pretended he was still there.

"How did you know that I watched you cam?"

Perhaps he'd said it with too much pointedness. Whether or not he did, Dream laughed again with a kiss pressed to the back of his head. Fingertips danced along the exposed skin at George's waist, and it dragged all the warmest shivers down the length of his spine.

"Turn around for me, princess," it was pathetically quiet but infinitely demanding, "I wanna see your pretty face."

And it was impossible for George to deny him—especially when he talked like *that*—so he flipped his body around despite hesitations. He found Dream’s face through their close proximity, familiar and freckled and framed with lazy exhaustion. He always looked pretty in the sun, but maybe argent light from wide-open windows did him better.

“You’re an idiot,” Dream said simply, the mirthful grin on his face both endearing and hot at the exact same time.

George frowned in answer. The laughter spilled through those pink lips in sputtering softness, and George had to swallow the urge to join him.

“Is that your answer?” he asked instead, his question strained through stifled laughter.

Dream shook his head against the pillow, blond hair spilling everywhere across white in golden strokes. George wanted to run his fingers through it, but he left his hands laid gently over Dream’s waist.

“Kind of,” Dream answered, laughter dying in time for a wider grin. “I thought I heard something from your room when I was streaming last night, so I checked on you after I went offline.”

Despite already knowing that Dream had seen him like that—comments about open laptops and *what time he went to bed last night* were still too recent to forget—George whined in embarrassment. As expected, his humiliation and the way he hid his face in Dream’s chest was more than just amusing for the latter, mirthful laughter spilling out against his head in glowing lurid color.

“What did you...” George hesitated, pulled his face slightly further from its hiding spot in Dream’s neck. “What did you hear?”

When he looked up at Dream through wisping eyelashes, there was still a too-cocky grin plastered all across his face. It was almost taunting in the way it looked so hot.

“Nothing you didn’t repeat.”

Cocky, arrogant, and too quick for George to keep up with. He groaned at the same time Dream laughed, a hand stroking through his hair when his face found a place to hide in the crook of his unmarked neck again. Dream didn’t say anything else about it, only shifted in his place on the bed with a huff that sounded like the start of something.

When George looked up again to catch the furrow of his eyebrows, Dream smiled down at him. He moved to sit up slowly, ruffling George’s hair when he followed the motion. It untangled their limbs and left them sitting beside each other on the unmade bed, large hands lifting to rub at green eyes with a sigh stained in exhaustion.

“I need to get ready for my stream,” Dream said quietly, head turning briefly to stare at the moon outside the window. “Meet me in my room in like twenty minutes, okay?”

That was where Dream had lost George. *Stream?* Sure, no matter how non-specific he was in wording, he knew exactly what he was talking about. *In his room?* Maybe George was just too tired to think.

He voiced his concerns with a very intelligent, “*What?*”

Dream returned his perplex in the knitted eyebrow stare he gave him. Elbows rested against bent knees, a world of confusion cast deep in those strangely colored eyes. George tried to match his

fervor in lost-looking gazes, and it didn't take much effort when it was all so genuine.

"You're watching me stream tonight," Dream said it like it was known, because it *was*, but even still he threw the question at the end, "right?"

*Oh.*

George could feel where his eyes widened when it all finally clicked in his head. He almost wanted to kick himself for being such an idiot. And even though it all made a final amount of sense in his head, he still asked the confirming question that danced on the tip of his tongue.

"From your room?"

Dream smiled, both warm and cocky at the exact same time. It was strange how well his fondness meshed with arrogance, as it seemed to George that it should all clash before it ever got across Dream's cutting pink lips.

Maybe it was just the confidence he carried with him everywhere. The pathetically hot confidence that had become so synonymous with *Dream*.

"No one will see you, don't worry," Dream reassured, but George hadn't even been thinking about that. "You can just watch the stream instead if you don't want to."

George nearly rushed too quickly for his answer, sputtering over a breath before any words came out in coherence. The smile on Dream's face twitched in amusement at all his stumbling, and if George weren't so hazy he may have wanted to hit him.

"No," he said finally, "I want to. I..." *I want to watch you jerk off from ten feet away* was probably a weird thing to admit, "yeah."

Dream laughed quietly, raising one of his eyebrows with more friendly accusation than challenge. He nodded slowly with that damn grin on his face, seeming to watch the way George's eyes dragged all around the room and everywhere but his own.

"Okay," Dream confirmed. "Twenty minutes, got it?"

"Yeah." George nodded. "Twenty minutes."

Dream hummed quietly in acknowledgement, and he climbed up out of the bed. Wearing nothing but his boxers and that idiotic grin, he left George's room and the brunet where he sat silent and alone on the unmade bed.

Through all of his thoughts since the early afternoon, he hadn't managed to draw that conclusion himself. For some reason, he'd only thought that Dream's question was confirmation that nothing had changed; he was still going to wander his way to that website every night, he was still going to watch Dream touch himself and do the same to himself with his routine and—albeit altered—sinful thoughts.

Like the way he knew how it all felt. And how desperate he was to feel it again.

But that wasn't the topic of contention for the night. For one, he was almost surprised that Dream still had it in him to go live after all they'd done with themselves. In hindsight, that was a stupid concern—George was already getting himself worked up just sitting there *thinking* about Dream, he couldn't imagine what it would be like when he finally got in front of him.

His blood pulsed with excitement. He realized he'd neglected to check the time when Dream had left, leaving him with no perception of when *twenty minutes* was. Either way, his shaky hands didn't want to sit and wait anymore, so he dragged himself up off the bed and to the room next door.

Dream's door was open. He was still only in his underwear—as was George—but he looked much more put-together; his hair had surely been brushed, his face looked less kindly exhausted and much more stern and focused. He was fiddling with lights at the foot of his bed, laptop propped up on some kind of stand that George wasn't paying much attention to.

He tapped his knuckles against the door three times. It reminded him of something from earlier, only this time he was infinitely more excited about the outcome.

“Hey, princess.”

And the low drawl to his voice told George he was already in a different mode. It rolled the shiver down his spine when he walked toward Dream in cautious slowness, taking the outstretched hand around his waist when Dream tugged him closer.

“I know I'm early,” George mumbled, tucking his body into Dream's where he flicked on the light.

Dream laughed quietly, digging his fingertips into the skin of George's arm with a strangely possessive edge. He left a kiss on top of George's head because he could reach it, drawing his arm away so he had two hands to finish setting up.

“I want you to sit,” he turned halfway to gesture vaguely at the wall facing his bed, “over there.”

George followed his gesture with his eyes, pointing to the floor in front of the bed. “There?”

Dream grinned, giving George a gentle push in the direction he wanted him in. “There.”

George obliged just a little too quickly, falling to the floor in front of Dream's bed. He knelt down instead of sitting properly, thighs spreading apart in what made for a lewd position given the context. And Dream looked down at him and his pink-turning cheeks, a hand already palming himself at George's eye-level.

Fingertips pushed against George's jaw, tipping his head up with a now-familiar stretch to his purple-stained neck. He tried not to whimper—he really did—but even the slightest touch from Dream's hands when he was hot and bothered was enough to send shivers rushing down his spine.

“You have to be quiet,” Dream warned, his voice taking on the low, demanding edge from earlier. “Do you understand, princess?”

George swallowed thickly, the bob of his Adam's apple visible from where Dream was hovering above him. And he tried to nod despite the tilt of his neck, fingers against his chin pressing in just a little bit harder. He knew that Dream wanted a verbal answer just from the way he looked at him, with the cocked eyebrow and accusatory glance.

“Yes,” he answered meekly, mouth running dry. “I understand.”

The arrogant grin re-crossed Dream's lips. He pulled his hand away and stood up straight, opposite palm still pushing against himself through the fabric of his boxers.

“Good boy.”

Praise made George whine, colored sickly pink like the brightest form of want. He watched Dream retreat back to his bed, stripping himself bare without warning. George's breath hitched, catching in his throat when he once again caught a glimpse of the piercing in Dream's cock.

Dream was fiddling with something on his laptop, the space between them filled by a camera and far too much tension. Expectant eyes met the widest glow of desperate amber, an eyebrow raised through the arrogant smirk.

"Ready?" Dream asked, and George nodded in answer. "Okay, I'm going live. Keep your pretty mouth shut."

It was a rush like hot adrenaline, and Dream pressed whatever button he was meant to press and drew his hand back to his lap. George watched with a pathetic amount of interest; watched as Dream leaned back with his weight on the palms digging into his bed, watched where his cock stood and *fuck he wanted his mouth on it*.

He clenched his fists to ground himself. Nails dug into his palms where they lay down by his sides, knuckles dragging across the rough floor where he still hadn't moved to touch himself. He was already pathetically hard in his boxers, already straining against the fabric with desperate want.

But he didn't move. Not when Dream could *see* him, not when Dream wasn't even doing anything yet.

The scratches on his back crept up over his shoulder in sick stripes of pink, skin dragged raw at the hands of George's own. He wondered fleetingly if it showed up on camera, if watchers could see it all the way he wanted them to, if anyone would put it together that those strokes of pink meant Dream was *his*.

A hand wrapped around the base of Dream's cock. With his eyes locked hotly on George, he spit down on his cock. George watched with a swallowed whine as it rolled down the length of his cock, palm slipping upward to slick it down the length of him. It pulled a shuddered breath past his lips, eyelashes flicking when he rolled his thumb over the head of his cock.

George shifted himself, trying to remain as quiet as possible. He figured that the distance between himself and the mic would be enough to go unnoticed, especially when all he was doing was rolling off his knees to sit down properly.

He pulled his underwear off, leaving him bare and exposed beneath Dream's watchful gaze. His eyes seemed to roll all over George's body, fingers rolling over a barbell with deep intent and a dangerous look in his eyes.

George bent his knees to plant his feet on the floor, spreading his knees apart. It left him exposed in a way that was nearly humiliating, but from the way Dream's breath stuttered and pace faltered he figured it was worth it.

Their eyes stayed locked through the heavy tension. Dream rolled his head to the side, leaning his weight back on his single palm at the same time George planted his own hand against the floor.

"Look at you," Dream teased, eyes flicking to the camera for just a moment. "Aren't you a *slut*?"

It felt targeted because it was. And it sent the most tantalizing shiver rolling down his spine, teeth digging into pretty pink lips to stifle the noises so desperate to escape. As if trying to stifle himself, George shoved two fingers into his mouth with a swallowed whine. He watched Dream's eyes widen.

A hand on a pierced cock picked up the pace, thumb catching on the glow of a silver piercing where it looked so hot beneath the intentional lights. George sucked on his fingers with sinful intent, the flutter of his eyelashes purposeful in the same exact way. Dream seemed to read the messages he was spreading out between them, things like reminders of hours past and the way it had once been a cock between his lips.

George knew the way his lips would pop if he pulled his fingers out too quickly, so in a chase for silence and the stutter of Dream's breath, he spread his mouth open wide until his tongue was lolled out and dragged his fingers free from his mouth. They were slicked and hellishly obscene, trailing down between his legs with eyes flicking between the look in Dream's eyes and the hand on his cock.

A curse fell from those barely-grinning lips, breathy and without a shift from his hand to match it. Even when he rolled his thumb over the head of his cock again, he didn't curse—only slicked his own precum down the length of his cock with the intent to make himself wetter.

Internally, George was grinning to himself in prideful victory. Externally, he looked nothing short of a mess with his teeth digging sharply into a plush bottom lip. He knew his face was red from the way he felt it burning, spit-slicked fingers prodding at his hole where he slipped into himself easily.

It was only one finger to start, but even he could feel the way he was still easy from earlier. Dream seemed to catch it, too—George could tell by the way his next inhale caught with a tightening hand.

"Fuck," he swore, "keep going, you look so pretty."

Dream watched the camera lens more closely when he spoke, gaze dancing between that and the display of his computer screen. But his gaze always came back to George; George and the finger he'd slipped into himself, George and the pretty arch of his back where he forced himself to swallow every single whine.

He twisted his finger. He'd never bit his lip so hard, chasing after the stretch he felt within himself when he crooked a finger intentionally. A whimper rose in his throat, but he swallowed it before it hit his tongue. And he spread his legs further with a second finger circling his rim, halfway distracted by the way Dream's hand had gone lax around his cock.

Dark eyes told him to focus. Dream turned his attention away from George and looked back at the camera, and this time, he didn't come back.

George frowned to himself, thrusting into himself with his one finger before he put in the second. And despite a twisting face at the newfound stretch, despite the spread of his legs to give Dream a better visual, his eyes didn't come back. He'd turned more of his attention to the stream he was doing, to the donations that rolled across his laptop and the motion of his hand.

He muttered something else hot and beneath his breath. For once, it didn't feel directed at George, and whichever part of him it was that chased Dream's undivided attention protested silently.

George wanted to whine. He stifled that urge with the spread of his fingers.

And he wanted to touch his cock—he wanted to touch himself *so badly* where he was dripping all over his own stomach, but the hand that wasn't inside of him was the only thing keeping him upright.



So instead, he spread his legs further. Instead, he watched Dream's hand rather than his face and savored the slick noises of his skin sliding against itself. The huffed-out breaths gasping through an open mouth, sickly different from the stifle of teeth in George's lip.

Dangerously, he crooked his fingers to ghost along the right spot inside himself. It sent his head flying back with the arch of a purple neck, stifled whine pushing out in a soft sound where his thighs shook in the air.

Fingers halted for a moment while he caught his breath. Teeth left his lip with a reminder in etched-out marks, chin falling forward to find Dream in front of him again; as predicted, he'd returned his gaze to George's where he sat, lips parted slightly over panting breath. George tried to grin, but the expression didn't cross his desperate features well.

And he started moving his fingers again. It was barely a second before he had to start biting his lip again, leaning back further with the weight on his hand as he brushed along his sweet spot again, eyes rolling back into his head briefly as Dream fisted his cock harshly.

"Fuck," he cursed, "fuck, *fuck*—"

And for the first time since George had started watching his streams, Dream came first. Spilled sticky and white all over himself with a moan, his moving hand speeding up before it slowed down. Fingers were coated just as the head of his cock was, slicking down the shine of his piercing where it was still so tempting and close.

George's fingers paused again. He stared up at Dream with blown-out eyes, watched him catch his breath with a hand running through his hair. He looked back at the camera with a lopsided grin, throwing a haphazard thanks in the direction of donations before he moved to go offline.

George wanted to ask if the stream was officially over, but he kept his mouth shut. It turned out that he didn't even have to ask, because Dream was standing up off the bed and falling to his knees in front of George.

"You don't know what you do to me," he huffed, leaning forward to crush their lips together before George could taste blood.

And it was all the same desperacy that it had been earlier, but Dream was chasing after the bite in George's bottom lip and the taste of ivory on his tongue. His slicked hand fell between George's legs, pushing harshly against the fingers still seated inside himself until the whines spilled out against his lips.

They practically devoured each other from the inside out, one of Dream's fingers gathering the excess spit where it slipped out of George's hole. He swallowed every sound that spilled through those pretty pink lips, tongue flicking to catch them before they all ran away from him.

"Dream," George gasped against parted lips, "'m close, so close."

The fingers inside himself were pushed harder without even having to move a muscle himself, the whine falling from his lips before he could think about it more. And he was a gasping mess when he came untouched, when he stained himself white across unmarked skin.

Dream kissed the desperate noises right off his spit-slicked mouth, the pressure of his hand easing when the desperate moans became nothing more than heavy breaths. George fell backward against the floor, let Dream press his weight against his body with discomfort long forgotten.

And they stayed like that for a moment. Without care for how sticky they were between

themselves, or the way George was dripping spit from himself when he finally pulled his fingers free. They breathed in each other's scents through a mess on the floor, words not spoken between them until Dream found it in him to catch his breath.

"They saw the scratches on my back."

It was a whisper against George's ear, quiet enough that it could've been mistaken for a secret. George lifted one of his hands up from the floor, dragging it lightly over the scratches in question and letting Dream hiss uncomfortably against his neck.

"That was the point."

And he was whispering, too—because his *had* been a secret. He'd wondered if Dream knew why he was so intentional with the drag of his nails, wondered if Dream knew it went farther than his pleased response to the pained drag against his back.

Dream's lift of his head from the crook of his neck said he hadn't known. And the look on his face was mirthful before anything else, grinning and wide-eyed where he gazed down at George in sinful fondness.

"Was it?"

Now that their eyes were locked, George couldn't find it in himself to admit the truth. He felt his face go red when he nodded slowly, squirming beneath Dream's gaze and waiting for more words in that obscenely hot voice.

"You want people to know I'm yours, huh?"

As if in emphasis, Dream leaned down to press kisses against the hickeys he'd left on George's neck. The whimper he got in response was nothing short of desirable, the hand trailing light against his shoulder moving to take a fistful of dirty blond hair.

"Yeah," George whispered in answer, the hushed tone never leaving his gentle voice.

Dream pulled his head up again to look at George. And the brunet saw the moment it flashed through his eyes; dangerous, sinfully hot, and far-too tantalizing. Whatever it was, he wanted it.

"How about," Dream started, the look in his eyes carrying all the way through to the tone of his voice, "next time I fuck you on stream?"

## Chapter End Notes

tomorrow's chapter (final chapter oo) will be longer and i think you know why :)

# Camera

## Chapter Summary

Maybe George could call this his debut.

## Chapter Notes

HELLO !!! final chapter of my beloved camboy fic !!

thank you all so much for reading, i really appreciate all the love and support i've received surrounding this fic <3 i hope you enjoy the final chapter - thanks again for riding out this week with me !!

also, a final request: please suspend your disbelief a little bit thanks

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*How about next time I fuck you on stream.*

There was a lot of weight in that sentence. George didn't feel it properly until after he'd already said yes.

It wasn't like the invisible mass would've changed his answer if he *did* feel it—if he hadn't been too hazy and half turned on to think clearly—because even in his clear-headed state, he still wanted the answer to be yes. The only problem was the logistics of it, the glaring issue of George's very recognizable face sitting at the forefront.

George didn't ask about the solution to that problem. Not once he thought of it laying in Dream's bed that night, not when he woke up the next morning caught between arms, not when they went about their day together as if last night hadn't happened the way it did.

They weren't pretending that *nothing* happened. Dream was still draping his arm over George's shoulders without hesitation, he'd leave kisses on his face when they were both standing still, he'd creep up behind him to see if a sudden embrace was enough to startle. (It always was).

But if anyone from the outside had seen the way they were acting, they wouldn't have been able to guess what they had been up to. All that stood as a symbol of it were the bruises still showing on George's neck and those roughed-up scratch marks creeping over Dream's shoulders, but even still that didn't scream *camboy*.

Again, George knew that Dream was used to this. Again, George knew that Dream woke up every morning with the events of a *last night* still lingering in his head. George was the one that was new to this, so he followed Dream's lead in everything related.

It wasn't like he didn't trust Dream. If he didn't, he never would've said yes last night.

But maybe he was hoping he'd have answers before he reached *this* point. The one where *he* was

the one sitting at the edge of Dream's bed, watching as the blond who had recently become his boyfriend set up for a stream.

(The boyfriend thing happened in the middle of the day in the living room, when they were both killing time with shitty movies and definitely-not-platonic cuddling. Very romantic, but George didn't care when or how he got Dream so long as he had him).

So he was watching his very lovely *boyfriend* fiddle with lights right in front of him. He was wearing that form-fitting outfit again; the button-up shirt, the tight slacks, the same stupid grin that made George want to fall to his knees. He was waiting rather impatiently with Dream so terribly far away, heavy breaths audible through the room's silence and far too many thoughts racing through his head.

*Was he supposed to ask what they were going to do about his face? Was Dream as worried as he was? Had Dream even thought about it?*

The last one was stupid— *of course* Dream had thought about it. He was smarter than that, he knew what he was getting into when he invited his terribly recognizable boyfriend on stream with him, right?

Right?

Dream turned around to face George on the bed, a hand pushing through his mess of dirty blond hair.

"We have to do something about your face."

*Speak of the devil.*

But even with an objectively serious statement still lingering at the tip of his tongue, Dream's cocky grin never died where it rested on his lips. The look in his eyes said he had a plan—the look in his eyes said he was *scheming*. George wanted to know, and though he knew the answer's arrival was only a matter of time, he didn't know what could seat such a dangerous look in his boyfriend's eyes.

"Yeah," George answered meekly. "Maybe."

Dream walked closer, pausing when he stood between George's spreading legs. And his fingers were dancing along a marked-up jaw, gentle despite the bruises beneath his fingertips and kind despite the glint still in his eyes.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to," he said softly, fingers stroking gently along George's skin.

And maybe he'd rush to answer again, because George knew that he wanted this more than anything right now, recognizable appearance be damned. He lifted a hand to wrap fingers around Dream's wrist, flicking his eyelashes in a way he hoped looked inviting.

"No, I want to," he insisted quietly, inching forward on the bed until he could feel where Dream's legs pressed against him. "*Fuck*, do I want to."

George could see the way that grin tugged at the corners of Dream's lips, practically begging to smear across his face again. But the blond seemed to stifle it, keeping the worried look cast through his eyes despite the pleas of danger still lingering beneath his gaze.

His hand shifted to stroke gently against George's cheek. A pale hand moved with his wrist, gripping tighter as if in reassurance.

"You're sure?"

George smiled as warmly as he could muster when there was adrenaline in his veins. It had been building the whole time, steady and pounding where he could hear his heartbeat in his ears. He wondered if Dream could feel it, where the heel of his palm rested beneath his jaw. It was fleeting, if anything.

"Positive," he answered finally, and the twitching lips finally became a grin.

"Okay," Dream said, nodding as he drew his hand back from George's cheek. "Then let's do something about that pretty face of yours."

George watched as he wandered away, but he didn't crane his neck to follow the movement. He sat still with his hands on his knees, breaths falling from his lips in crescendo as he heard vague noises from behind him. He almost wanted to turn around and look, but something in him begged to keep it a surprise.

So he kept it a surprise.

And he was surprised when he felt Dream's presence behind him, when he could feel the dip of the mattress beneath his weight and the breath against his neck. He swore he could *feel* the smirk where it radiated from behind him, spilling off of Dream's face without relent until George was holding his breath.

"Take off your clothes."

That low, demanding tone had returned to his voice—almost as if it had never even left. George reveled in it like he always did, letting the red shades spilling from cut lips fall all across his skin. And he stood up slowly on his weakened knees, stripping with his back turned to Dream until he was bare and staring at a camera that wasn't on.

A hand stroked against the exposed skin of his waist. George jolted beneath the unexpected touch, but he very quickly allowed it to happen—let Dream take his hips with two hands and pull him backward, falling against the bed and Dream with a startling suddenness that left him reeling.

Dream positioned him on his knees. And he leaned in close to his ear with panting breath, lips ghosting against his skin in a pathetically hot tease.

"Do you trust me?"

The whisper coated George's skin like thick honey. And that low, rumbling tone sent shivers up his spine, eyes flicking closed without thought and without intent.

"Yes," he answered, "yes, I trust you."

When he reopened his eyes and waited, he found that the motion had all been for nothing. A dark cloth came to cover his face in a blinding darkness, the only thing left to his vision being the glow of bright lights surrounding the bed. The blindfold covered down to the tip of his nose, swallowing most of his forehead beneath a mess of dark hair.

"Dream?" George whispered, keeping his hands still at his sides when Dream tied a knot behind his head.

“George,” Dream answered softly, brushing his fingertips against the skin of George’s shoulder.

Unseen touches sent shivers down his spine. Though it wasn’t something he’d ever given much thought to, George was pretty sure he understood the appeal of blindfolds now.

“What about the rest of my face?”

His voice came out in strained caution, caught halfway in his throat where he hesitated over the words. He heard Dream laugh quietly, felt a hand snake its way up to the front of his face with a thumb pulling at his bottom lip.

George held his breath steady and between his ribs. Though he certainly wanted to, he resisted the urge to suck Dream’s thumb into his mouth.

“You think people will recognize you off your lips?”

It was a tease, and George wasn’t sure whether it was more targeted at him or his fans. A withheld exhale spilled out past his lips in a gasp, and he was sure that Dream could feel every sound against his skin.

“They could,” he said quietly, a welcome level of concern present in his voice. “People talk...” he hesitated, “talk about my lips, sometimes.”

Dream laughed quietly again, sickly ebon in the way it dragged down George’s skin. The contrast must’ve been obscene—all dark against alabaster skin—but George couldn’t have seen it even if he wanted to.

“You could be anyone, though,” Dream supplied, dragging the pad of his thumb across George’s slicked-up lip. “Maybe you’re just some camboy’s little fucktoy who happens to look a little like George.”

George’s breath caught in his throat at the thought of being a *fucktoy*. He knew he was pathetically hard from nothing—nothing and also *that*—and he knew that Dream could see it based on the way he laughed against his ear.

“I look more than a *little* like George,” he argued, face twisting when he referred to himself by name.

And Dream’s answer was to press his lips against George’s flushed cheek, humming quietly into his skin with a thumb abandoning his lip. He toyed with the excess cloth dangling from the back of his head, a rush of cool air spreading across George’s back with enough ferocity to make him shiver.

“Not with the blindfold you don’t.”

George hoped that he was right. He figured that the top of his face was the more recognizable part of him—independent of context, at least—and maybe if he whined high enough people wouldn’t find the ties back to his own voice. He figured the best possible scenario was probably winding up as the subject of lookalike porn, but he couldn’t really blame people when it literally *was him*.

The bed shifted again, and George lost Dream’s presence in the space behind him. He could hear that he was doing *something*, but he clearly didn’t know what—not when he was lost behind a blindfold, not when he was quite literally left in the dark.

“I’m gonna start streaming soon, princess,” Dream said in gentle warning, his voice coming from

somewhere at George's front. "Don't talk too much while I'm live, okay?"

George nodded carefully, but he wasn't sure if Dream was even facing him or not. He found the words where they hid beneath his tongue, voice already strained without much of anything.

"Okay," he answered. "No words."

Dream hummed quietly, and there was a hand on George's chin. He twitched slightly in surprise, but he let his face be tipped up to presumably stare up at Dream, but he couldn't see much of anything besides the light at the corners of his eyes.

"Keep screaming for me, though," Dream said with characteristic lowness. "You know I like it when you scream."

He tapped his hand against George's cheek when he whimpered, quiet and barely audible through his tightly sealed lips. And he listened carefully for the click of a keyboard in front of him, closed his eyes beneath the blindfold despite the action not changing much of anything.

He waited. And time was an illusion when he was as hard as he was, when he couldn't see anything but black and he never knew what to expect.

"I'm going live."

George hummed in acknowledgement, nodding his head in case Dream turned to look at him. When he heard Dream moving around the bed again, he figured they were streaming, and he wondered briefly if he was even looking in the direction of the camera.

He felt the mattress dip beneath him again, sensed his boyfriend's presence in the space directly behind him. The quiet sound of his breath was only confirmation, the hands that came up to grasp his waist only more.

"I have a guest tonight."

And the whisper fell more into George's ears than it did the microphone somewhere in front of them. Dream pressed his lips against the pale skin of George's neck, against the splatter of mulberry against his moon-white skin in a searing kiss that got him shivering.

George craned his neck backward when he bit his lip, feeling his head knock against Dream's shoulder when he clenched both his fists. He whimpered quietly at the etch of teeth into his skin, a hand lifting up to take hold of his hair when his head was forced straight again.

"Smile for the camera, princess."

George could only assume that's what he was facing. So he smiled, warm and without his teeth, wondering if the intention was warmth or invitation. Dream laughed quietly—quiet enough for George to wonder if it had even been picked up on audio at all—dragging his lips and teeth and tongue against the marks on George's skin.

Large hands dragged all across the skin of his body. Even the lightest touch felt like infinite stimulation when he couldn't guess where it was going, palms splayed out against his stomach and waist and hips and toying gently with his nipples.

George whined. Dream smirked against his skin, dug fingertips into the pale flesh of his hips. The bite of teeth on already sensitive skin felt almost like too much, but George found that he preferred it that way—harsh bites, splaying hands, the dig of blunt nails into his skin. He wanted more of

*something*, but he'd never use his voice to ask.

Without warning, rough hands grabbed his thighs and tugged him back. A sharp, high sound spilled past his lips when his knees dragged along the sheets, back knocking against Dream's body in a pathetically fleeting touch.

In a drag of startling ferocity, Dream shoved George down against the mattress face-first. His head knocked against the mattress with a whimper, blindfolded face now hidden in favor of the rough hands tugging at his waist. George arched his back in the way he was sure Dream wanted him to, face down ass up and splayed out for the camera in front of him.

He heard Dream laugh, and he twisted his face against the bed like that would let him see the man behind him.

"Oh, he'll scream."

Low, husky, and surely in answer to a donation. A hand came down suddenly on George's ass, the sound of it loud enough to drown out the whine he gasped into the sheets. His entire body jolted, a large hand caressing the now tender spot before it came down on the other side.

George whimpered. He arched his back further still as if to coax Dream into doing something—something other than what he *was* doing no matter how much he was enjoying himself. He wanted to beg for more, but he held his tongue between his teeth.

He heard Dream mutter something from behind him, but he was too far and too quiet for George to hear. But he still whimpered as if that would answer an unasked question, fisting the sheets beneath his palms until they were gathered tight and between his fingers. Dream's hand came down on his ass once more, shaking his entire body again with a whimper.

Then both hands left him completely. He laid, waiting, without any inkling of an idea of what was to come next—perhaps that was the beauty of a blindfold. Even if he did turn to glance over his shoulder, he wouldn't find anything but the same darkness he saw right now; so he was left to do nothing but listen, biting his lip harshly in a swallow of his own gasping breaths when his ears searched for anything lingering.

A bottle being uncapped. It was the softest *click*, but George certainly knew that sound.

The seconds seemed to drag on forever. Now that he knew what was coming, now that he had an expectation lying gently in his sternum, every move took just a little bit longer. George tried to imagine it, the way the lube glistened against Dream's thick fingers with a glimmering promise of what was to come.

An expectation playing out in George's head proved to be wrong. Before he'd even held his breath, a slicked finger was circling his rim in a juxtaposing coldness that made him shiver. He didn't whine until the tip of Dream's finger was edging its way into his hole, barely a strain when he was so used to it but still a stretch nonetheless.

George was already pushing his hips back against the intrusion. Dream didn't let him have it, drawing his finger back in time with his hips until his back was stretched and he couldn't chase any farther. George whimpered into the mattress, shoving his face against the sheets as if that was somehow a protest and taking the hit when Dream slapped his ass again.

A muttered "*please*," was muffled by the sheets, and George was positive that not even Dream had heard it. He fisted the cloth beneath his palms a little harder, tugging at them when he whimpered



in desperation.

With a twist, Dream sank his finger in deeper on his own accord. George keened with finality, feeling where he sank down to the third knuckle and pushed George's hips forward with the pressure. Dream's opposite hand grabbed at George's ass while a finger worked him open, enough rough stimulation to leave him drooling his way through whines against the mattress.

*Another, another*, he begged in his head like Dream could read his mind. He knew he couldn't, but he hoped that wordless squirming was just as loud as the pleas in his mind, knees slipping against the sheets until he could feel where his feet laid over Dream's clothed legs.

Dream murmured something that sounded like "*desperate*," prodding at George's rim with a second finger to satiate his squirming. George's responding whine was more in appreciation, rolling his hips backward to see if he could get the second finger in himself but still whimpering when it edged past his rim.

At that, Dream pistoned his two fingers inside of George without mercy. And the arch of George's back lifted his face up from the mattress, crying out in the direction he assumed the camera to be with a surely strained look on his face. He could faintly hear the ebon drag of laughter from Dream sat behind him, barely audible over his own pounding heart and the gasp of alabaster breath.

He fisted the sheets like they'd done something to him. Chasing more of his obscenely lewd responses, Dream spread his two fingers apart with a nudge against his prostate.

George whimpered a broken "*please*," against the bedsheets, loud enough for Dream to hear but unrecognizable even to his own ears. Dream laughed again, still just as sick and sadistic as it had always been, free hand landing another hit on George's ass without much space for mercy.

A clothed body leaned down over George's back. He reveled in the way it shifted Dream's fingers inside him, savored the rough drag of buttons against the skin of his back and the press of fabric against his thighs. Lips pushed against his ear, a rough palm felt painful where it dragged against his skin.

"Please *what*?"

The spitting condescend in his voice was dreadfully attractive, spilled out against George's skin with a lewd trail in sinful red. He only whimpered in answer, pressing back against Dream's fingers like that would tell him what he wanted. He mourned the loss of Dream's hand when it left his body, a whimper already on his tongue before he could even predict what the blond was going to do with it.

Without warning, fingertips pressed at George's bottom lip. He lifted his head up off the mattress in a neck-stretching move, parting his lips with a whine so Dream could sink two of his fingers into his mouth. He sucked down on the digits without hesitation, flicking his tongue between them at the same time Dream spread the *other* fingers buried in George's hole.

A bruising kiss found George's neck, teeth-first and biting down without relent. He whimpered around the intrusion of gagging fingers, letting them push down against his tongue with intentional weight until George's bottom teeth were digging into tan skin.

As if in retaliation for a bite he'd practically given himself, Dream sucked down harder on his waiting skin, the rough blemish of already messed-up skin blooming in tandem with George's pitiful whimpers. The fingers in his mouth only made him sound *more* pathetic, half-muffled and slicked by the drool running down his chin.

When the fingers in his hole drew away, George mewled in protest. He wished to chase the lost feeling in spite of how desperate he was for Dream's cock, feeling empty and dripping where Dream's fingers had left him.

The weight on his tongue increased like that would silence him. Beneath the cover of his blindfold, George fluttered his eyelashes.

"That's all you get," Dream whispered in his ear, perhaps too quiet for their viewers to hear.

He dragged his fingers from George's mouth with a sinful *pop* and sat back up on his knees, he left another hit on George's burning skin to earn himself another whimper. His next declaration of "*slut*," to go with George's mewling definitely was audible, because if George could hear it over the rush in his ears then so could they.

Faintly, he heard Dream unfasten his belt. Faintly, he heard a satisfied groan spill out from behind him, and he arched his back impossibly as if he was daring Dream to move faster.

He felt the presence of Dream's cock against his hole in no time. Fleeting, he wondered if he was stretched enough to take it, but in his desperate state of drooling all over Dream's bedsheets, he decided that he didn't care. He only pushed back more, pressing up on his shaking hands to lift his face up off the bed and sit on his hands and knees.

Dream knocked his hand against George's quivering thigh, urging him to spread further. George obliged without hesitation, feeling the way his spit had slipped off his lips and onto the bed now distant beneath him.

Every breath shook, and Dream was far too slow when he pushed inside of George. A terribly welcome stretch to George's waiting hole, the glide of metal where it caught against his rim for a single tantalizing moment. He savored that piercing with every slide against the inside of him, deciding right then—the second time he'd ever taken Dream inside himself—that he would *never* get over it.

He wanted to beg. Instead, he moaned out pathetically and at the camera, wondering if his face looked as turned on as he felt.

Fingertips dug into his slowly bruising hips, tugging his waist back against the still-clothed thighs of the man those hands belonged to. Cloth was rough against his bare skin, but he loved it more than he thought he would, and he'd always imagined something like this when he watched the streams where Dream dressed like this.

A satisfied groan came from behind him. George could feel the edges of Dream's fingernails where they nipped at his skin. His arms shook where they held his body up, an obscene amount of drool spilling past his lips without any thought on stopping.

George mewled at Dream's first thrust. It hit him harder than he thought it would, perhaps still not stretched quite enough to be taking it the way he was.

But that certainly didn't stop Dream from doing it again, reveling silently in the tightness that surrounded him in too-hot heat. He made another sound, digging the heel of his palm into George's ass with a particularly rough thrust that left his boyfriend near-crying.

He could feel the tears where they built up beneath his blindfold. Clouding his eyes in pathetic haze, leaving him even more sightless than he already was. His face was already a mess despite half of it being covered, and he was fully on display for god knows how many viewers in front of

the watching lens of a camera.

Without another harsh slap, Dream draped his body over George's back again. Rough fingers tangled up with his jaw, pressed bruising against his empty skin with lips all over his face. Fingertips slipped against the gathering drool on George's chin, elbows giving out beneath the weight and nearly sending him face-first into the mattress again.

Dream held him up. With the hand on his chin, he held George up and pretty for their viewers with a groan supplied to the skin of his neck.

"Smile for the camera," he huffed in a too-hot mirror of earlier, emphasized with a harsh thrust from his hips and the drag of metal inside himself. "Smile, princess."

So George smiled. Through his spit-slicked, pathetically quivering lips, he put on the best smile he could without crying. He still moaned when Dream thrust his hips again, reeling back with enough speed that George collapsed into the sheets again. Without the helpful guide of Dream's unforgiving grip, his face hit against the mattress without relent, spit smearing on the already drool-stained sheets.

Dream didn't waste any time on mercy. He pounded into George with the rough touch of his dress pants, with the harsh and claiming grip of his too-large hands. And George was everything but screaming, everything but sobbing into his blindfold until he could feel the sticky wetness of his own tears against his skin.

Fists clenched around bed sheets, fabric gathered beneath palms. Dream slowed his strokes but didn't let up on harshness, hip bones collided roughly with the flesh of George's ass in a way that would surely leave a mark.

George would welcome it, just as he welcomed every other bloom of orchid on his too-pale skin. Dream would surely re-assert those bruises at a later date, and George found himself a little too excited by the prospect.

With a choked-out mewl coated slick by a mess of drool, George tugged downward on the sheets in his hands. It pulled his body forward slightly, left Dream to follow after him and the way his head teetered at the edge of the bed.

A large hand splayed out against George's upper back, palm caught between his shoulder blades where it pushed. Dream groaned both in pleasure and distaste, halting the self-imposed drag of George's body against the bed until he was nearly on the floor. And his other hand gripped at his waist with the same merciless touch it always had, digging into skin with the leave of mulberry stain and an erasure of all things alabaster.

If George could be covered from head to toe with claiming marks and scratches, then he surely would. Dream raked his nails down the skin of his entire back—all the way to his waist where it was pushed against his thighs—in a matching glide of pink to the scratches at Dream's shoulders.

George mewled. He wanted to know how much of a mess he looked. (Later, he would).

With two hands on a bruising waist, Dream pulled out until his piercing was catching against George's rim. With nothing but the head of Dream's cock inside himself, George cried out into the sheets, mouth falling open and staying that way when drool spilled all over messed-up sheets.

In a roughness that had come to be expected, Dream thrust all of himself back into George with a groan through his gritted teeth. Another pathetically loud noise fell against the mattress, slicked

everywhere around the edges until he was nothing short of sobbing.

Sobbing. He sobbed with a blindfold over his eyes, with stuttered cries falling from swollen lips in a tone he hoped wasn't recognizable. One day, he would learn the word *soundalike*, and find that applied to his half-concealed identity on this stream.

Dream was groaning curses when he pounded into George so hard he lost himself, mind hazy with his lips spread open in thoughts that held onto nothing but *drool*. Pale hands hung over the edge of the bed without enough power to grip the sheets anymore, limp and useless in the way his fingers shook with every bed-shifting thrust.

He screamed at the wall until Dream was pulling his hair. With a chest cast halfway over his back, Dream dragged George's face up into frame with fingers in his hair. His jaw still hung loose and spit-slicked, back arched so far he thought he might break himself. The rough tug of Dream's hand in his hair made his skin sting, but he found that he liked it as much as the rough drag of metal barbells on the inside of him.

As expected, he could feel himself drawing closer to the edge. His cock was throbbing between his legs, strained and untouched where he felt like he was turning purple. And Dream was far too relentless with his punctuated thrusts, with the twist of his hand in George's hair that arched his neck awkwardly.

"Cum, princess," he whispered, low and scarcely recognizable. "Make a pretty mess of yourself."

And that's exactly what George did. With the impossible arch of his back and a cry out at the camera somewhere in front of him, he came all over himself and the sheets beneath him. Dream groaned appreciatively in his ear when he tightened around his cock, letting go of George's hair after his blissed-out face was displayed for every watching viewer.

For what had to be the thousandth time, his blinded face fell against spit-covered sheets. And he still wasn't through with drooling, and Dream still wasn't through with him.

He fucked him to the brink of overstimulation, he fucked him through rough sobs and a softening cock until his mewls grew pained through his haze of mindless pleasure. And Dream came with a harsh groan and a harsher thrust, hands rough and unforgiving on George's skin when he painted his insides white.

Their breath mixed through the tension in the air. Dream dragged himself out of George slowly despite how desperate he was to collapse, the metal of his piercing catching on a terribly sore rim when he slipped out of George fully.

But even George knew that wasn't quite the end of it, those same rough hands that had made him a mess all over dragging his legs around the bed until he was facing the opposite direction. Dream manhandled him into whatever position it was he wanted, softening cock pressing against the mattress beneath the weight of his front.

Dream had made George kneel against the floor, front pressed against the bed where he lay on full display. There were fingers toying with the cum dripping out of his hole, pressing it back in to drag those pretty whines past George's lips.

He shook against the mattress. And he faintly heard Dream say something like a "*thank you*," through the messy haze in his mind, what little he could see of the world around him darkening quickly and through his mewling breaths.

In newfound softness, Dream's relentless hands untied the blindfold still swallowing George's vision. And he shifted his body carefully to lay face-up again, eyelids fluttering around the unfamiliar light of the room where it swallowed his vision quickly.

"George?" Dream said softly, his face hovering just above George's with a soft smile on his face. "Was that okay?"

George nodded, and he wondered how scratchy his voice had gone screaming on Dream's cock. He felt like a mess—sticky everywhere, sore, and covered in his own spit. Dream looked at him like he was the most beautiful thing in the world.

"More than okay," he said finally, and he was right; his voice sounded pathetic and not like his own.

Dream smiled, leaving a warm kiss on George's slick lips. He tasted of salty tears and cried-out moans and *George*, and Dream wouldn't have changed that for the world.

"Let's get you cleaned up, princess."

And George let his *boyfriend* take care of him like that, and they slept in the bed in the guest room when Dream said he needed to wash his sheets. They fell asleep tangled up in each other just as they had the night before, and George knew he'd be perfectly content if this became his new normal.

## Chapter End Notes

gnf lookalike porn

## End Notes

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